

# The Sketch

No. 828.—Vol. LXIV.

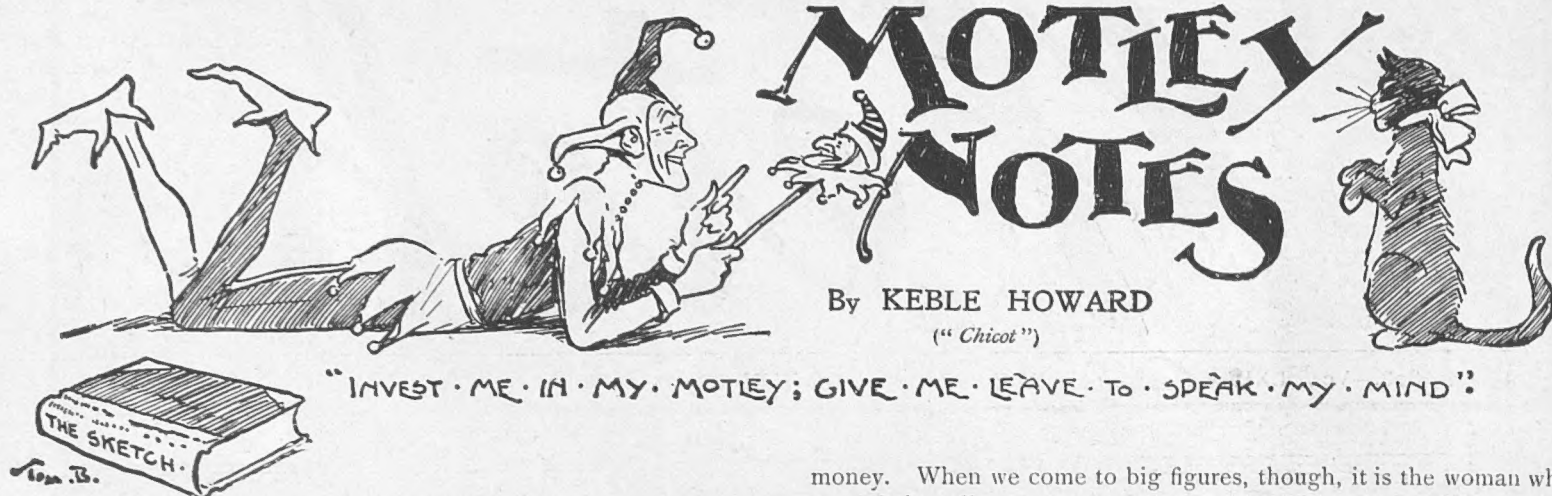
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



MISS KATHLEEN PELHAM BURN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE EARL OF DROGHEDA IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Kathleen Pelham Burn is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelham Burn, of Prestonfield, Edinburgh. Lord Drogheda succeeded his father in the title about seven weeks ago, and is twenty-four.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



### The Silly Old Ghost.

I am told, by those who have read diligently all the Christmas numbers, that there is a slump in ghosts. This is not surprising. For years past the observant must have noticed that the ghost—the Christmas, fictional ghost—was steadily waning in popularity. Anybody who has ever tried to write a ghost-story, or to tell one, will know the reason why. The ghost, though arrogating to itself the centre of the stage, never does anything. It promises to do things, it looks like doing things, but the promise is never fulfilled, the clammy hand never falls. The ghost, in point of fact, has been living on bluff, and at last we have seen through the bluff. A story that has no climax may be artistic to a degree, but the modern reader will have none of it. And the ghost-story, just because it is a ghost-story, can never boast of a climax. It is possible, I admit, to work in a climax if the writer cares to call mere humans to his aid. That is to say, Geoffrey, who has dashed down the haunted picture-gallery in answer to the screams of the swooning Gladys, may quite easily marry Gladys the following Christmas. But that, after all, has nothing to do with the ghost. The reunion of two hostile branches of a family by means of a ghost is all very well, but it shoves the ghost into the wings. Hence the slump in ghosts.

### Purely Patrimonial.

A writer in an evening paper deals eloquently with the cruelty of the old gentleman who relieves the tedium of his death-bed by cutting his relations out of his will. For my part, I have never been able to see any evidence of malice in such an action. Why should I expect to inherit my father's money merely because I happen to be my father's son? Because he gave me life, is that any reason why I should insist on his providing for me when once I have attained mature years? In the case of women, until they get the vote, it is right and meet that money should be left to them. Any moribund old gentleman, however bored, who cut his unmarried daughters out of his will would be behaving naughtily. But when it comes to the sons, the case is altered. It is a real kindness to the sons to cut them out of the will, since, as all the world admits, the greatest pleasure in life is the struggle for existence. We can all point to people who would have made their mark in the world had not their feet been clogged by an annual pittance. Let us have an end, then, to this bitterness on the score of death-bed disinheritance. For my own part, I should not complain if the State piled on the death-duties until there was nothing of the legacy left for the legatee. Can I, you ask, afford to talk like that? Well, in a sense.

### Finance—Feminine and Masculine.

Talking of money—a subject that is always in the air at this time of the year—I find somebody else calling our attention to the fact that a girl manages her allowance cleverly, whilst a boy invariably exceeds it. The writer in question argues from this that women are better financiers than men. Here, if I may say so, is a somewhat shallow conclusion. The reason why a girl is clever at managing her allowance is because the feminine mind adapts itself, from the outset, to small things. A girl will pass a life-size statue without comment, but she will go nearly mad over the model of a horse, or a cat, or a donkey, or a chicken, or a pig in miniature. The boy, on the other hand, cares little for babies and dolls and thimbles. Vastness excites him; space exhilarates him. The same law applies to allowances. It is a genuine pleasure to a girl to see how many knick-knacks she can buy with a shilling. The boy, on the other hand, forgets that the shilling is only a shilling. He understands, vaguely, that there is some money to be spent, and he spends

money. When we come to big figures, though, it is the woman who exceeds her allowance, as a rule; and the man who explains to her, with all the lucidity at his command, that five thousand a year is not, never has been, and never will be, ten thousand. She seldom sees it.

### Sidelight on a Dead Bill.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, well abreast of the times, has been good enough to tell us something about the effect of colour on the brain when combined with alcoholic fumes. "Liquor," says the journal, "flies to one's head with disconcerting swiftness in a red room. Our forefathers were acquainted with this scientific fact, and took advantage of it." I think one is entitled to ask whether this means that our forefathers lived in red rooms in order that they might get drunk as quickly as possible, or whether it means that they lived in white, or blue, or yellow, or green rooms with a view to prolonging the joys of wine-bibbing? I have a vague idea that they lived in red rooms, which would go to show that, however scientific they may have been in the matter of colour, they were unscientific on the question of drink. To the scientific drinker, there is no pleasure at all in drunkenness. The drunken man tastes nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing, enjoys nothing. Granted, therefore, that it is the fool who gets drunk, what egregious asses must our forefathers have been to hasten on the dithering stage by painting their walls red! It is possible, of course that they did so from motives of economy, but one scarcely likes to think so hardly of them.

### An Idea with Money in It.

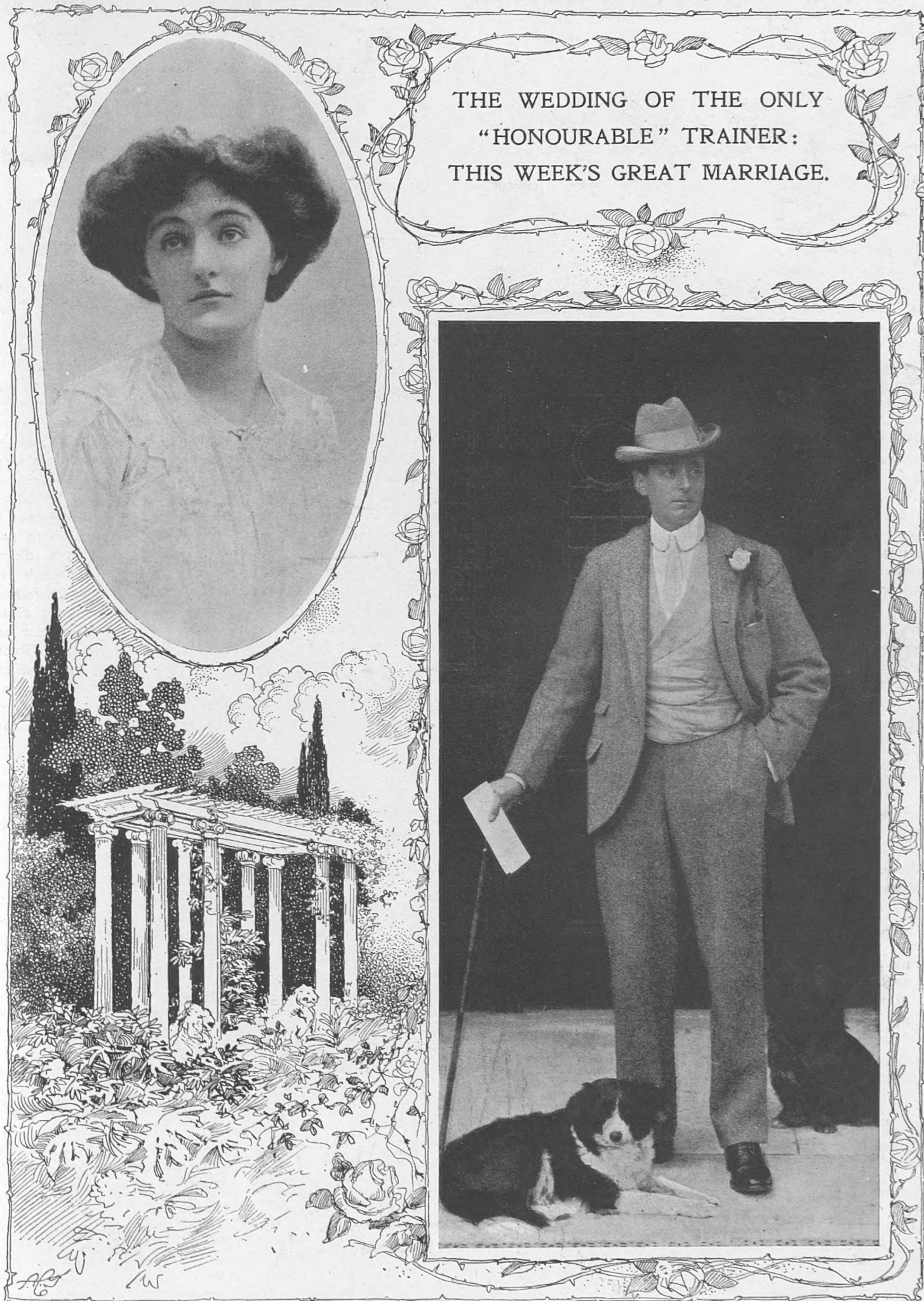
It is being whispered, even muttered, that London hostesses are at their wits' end to find dining-out men who can talk for seven or eight hours without a break. It seems that it is the thought of a break in the flow of conversation that keeps the poor little London hostesses tossing and turning on their beds all through the night before the party. They start up with a cry: Will there be a sudden lull? A lull will ruin the party. If there is a lull, every other little London hostess will hear of it. They will rhyme lull with dull and damn the party. The poor little hostess will lose that place in Society for which she has fought so desperately, and for which her husband has paid so much. Here, then, is a chance for the club bores. In every club there are two or three men, in some clubs even more, who never stop talking until the lights are out and all the other members have gone home. Why, oh, why do they waste their valuable time in clubs? Why do they not rush to the rescue of the poor little wideawake hostesses, and hire themselves forth as lull-killers? It does not matter in the least what they say. Any little hostess will tell them that. They would be missed from the clubs, of course, but not regretted. I implore some energetic person to found a Lull-Killers' Agency. There's money in the idea.

### Held Over.

Among all the millionaires you know—and most of us, in this age of cheap money, can claim acquaintance with a dozen or so—is there one of whom you can honestly say that he knows what to do with his money? And among all the people you know who are not millionaires, is there one of whom you can say with equal honesty that he could not tell that millionaire what to do with his money? The answer, as the Lady Editress wrote to Anxious Flo, who had asked whether she should allow her sweetheart to look into her eyes before they were engaged, is in the negative. Why should this be so? It is one of life's riddles. I think it very likely, by the way, that I could solve it for you, but, as you see for yourself, I have not the space.



THE WEDDING OF THE ONLY  
"HONOURABLE" TRAINER:  
THIS WEEK'S GREAT MARRIAGE.



THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON (FORMERLY MISS CICELY HORNER) AND THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON,  
WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY.

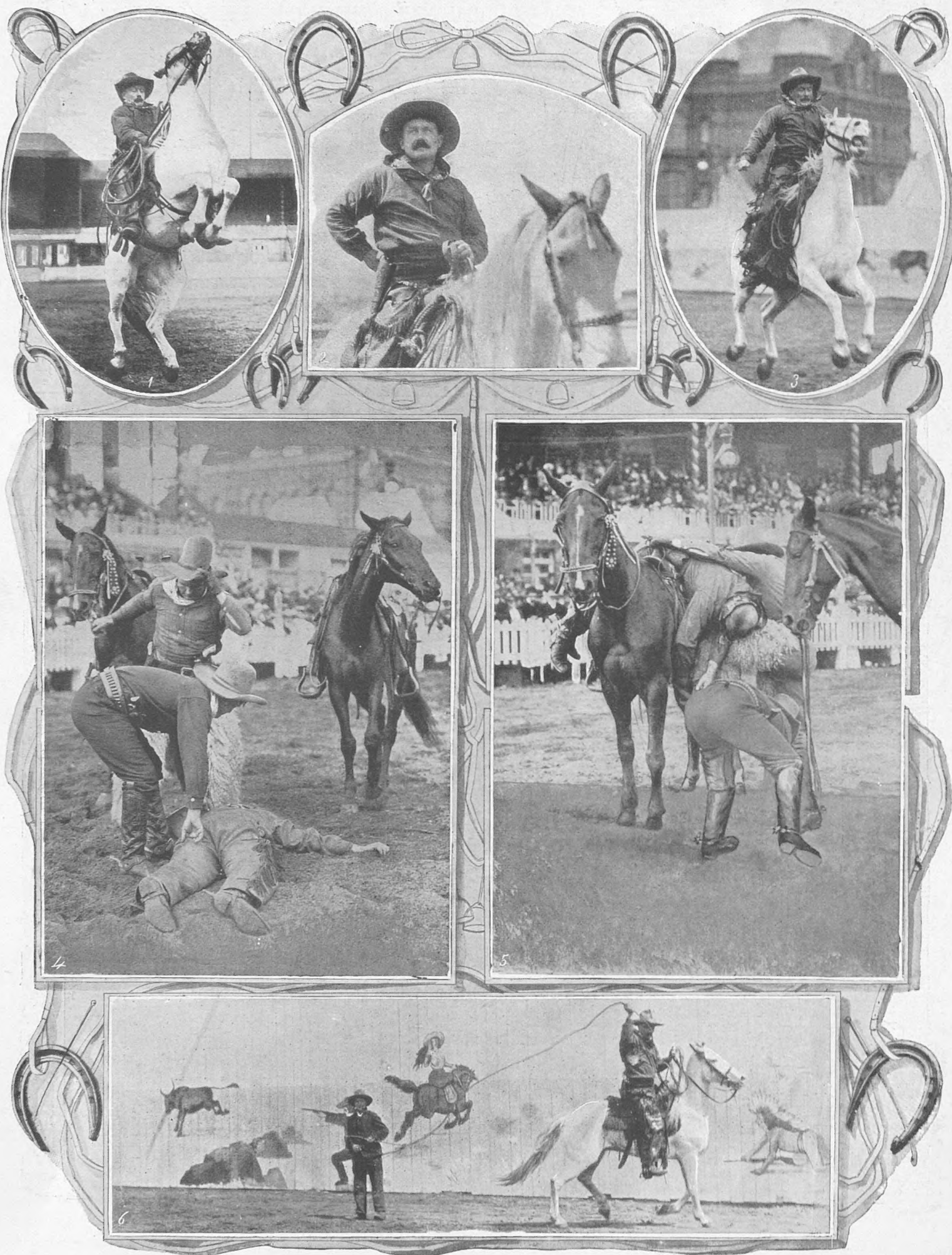
Last Monday saw what was perhaps the most distinguished gathering of people in the three worlds of society, sport, and politics held this year. The wedding of Miss Cicely Horner and Mr. George Lambton was the more interesting as a social function owing to the fact that the number of invitations was restricted, as the bride's family are still in mourning for her younger brother, who died last year. Mr. Lambton, as all the world knows, is a gentleman trainer, a great authority on equine matters, and last, not least, a favourite of royalty. The language of those who call him "the only Honourable trainer" is strictly correct, if a little ambiguous, and no reflection is cast on the integrity of the many other trainers who, not being sons of noblemen, cannot claim the courtesy title.

*Photograph of Mrs. Lambton by Lillie Charles; of Mr. Lambton by Clarence Hailey.*



## BARONET AND CIRCUS ARTIST: THE RED HAND'S NEW WORK.

SIR GENILLE CAVE-BROWN-CAVE, TWELFTH BARONET (WHO IS TO GIVE A WILD WEST SHOW IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME ARENA) AND SCENES FROM HIS PERFORMANCE.



1, 2, and 3. SIR GENILLE CAVE BROWN-CAVE. THE COWBOY BARONET, IN HIS WILD WEST KIT.

4. SIR GENILLE IS "KILLED" IN MIMIC WARFARE—

5. —AND IS CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY HIS COMRADES.

6. SIR GENILLE PRACTISES LASSOING AND ROPES A BOY.

Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, who succeeded to the Baronetcy, as the twelfth holder of the title, a few months ago, is to present his Wild West Show, which is of the Buffalo Bill order, at the London Hippodrome, beginning on the fourteenth of this month. It must not be thought that the Baronet is nothing more than a stage cowboy. His times in various steer-roping competitions prove this. Some of these times may be given: Bliss, 23 sec.; Kansas, 23 sec. and 25 sec.; El Paso, 23 sec. and 26 sec., and Tombstone, 27 sec.—(Photographs by Topical.)



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*Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.*



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MR. JACK CANNON, MISS HILDA STEWART, and  
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Dec. 9, 1908.

Signature .....



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

I'VE been flingin' money about this week. Simply flingin'. I mean, naturally, flingin' up bills. People still go through the old-established formality of 'puttin' down the things I buy in a book, and sendin' me in very smart pieces of paper with crowns and things prettily printed here and there, with "To So-and-So," so much, and "E. and O.E." in a corner. I may be wrong, but I've always thought that "E. and O.E." means "Eager and 'Opeful Ever." Poor things! Well, there it is. It's a custom, and it helps the Post Office a bit. It's one of the deep-seated and secret ambitions of my life to answer with a cheque, just for once. It would be like throwin' a cracker into a hen-coop. What? But I never shall be able to do it. Never. Poor dear old Bee never had, and never will have, a bob to bless himself with. Can't grumble, I take it. Mustn't be ungrateful, I suppose. I've got everythin' else. And that's life, d'y'see. A man has money to burn, poor beast, and has to spend it all on buyin' toleration. The other men, the Bees of the earth, have no money and all the advantages. I mean, a good leg for gaiters, a straight nose, a relation who told golf stories to Henry VIII., an inherited instinct for the right sort of tie, and an unconscious way of strollin' through life utterly devoid of the final "g." That's what they call compensation, so I'm told, and I believe it. What?

Well, then. What I've been buyin', or rather, havin' presented to me by all and sundry in and round Bond Street in return for my enterin' their shops—there it is; I don't mind, and they like it—are presents, the "Season's Presents." What? And, b' Jove and b' George, I feel flattened out, chewed string, like Wellington when he turned and faced the *Daily Mail* man—it was before Winston's time, of course—and told him how he did it, sayin' nothing about old man Blucher. Buyin' presents and fightin' are much the same thing. In both cases you don't give people what they want, but what you think they ought to have. That's my theory. As a matter of plain fact, d'y'see, I carry it over a couple more fences, and give 'em what they don't want. Do you follow me? I mean—take a few instances. There's a very sweet woman, a real, rare, dear thing, as pretty as paint, without any, who only has to get half-way through sayin' what she wants when she gets it. It's a mistake, but, bein' pretty, it has to be. It's the penalty she pays for bein' pretty. Well, obviously, the thing that's goin' to give her three minutes' pleasure is that precise, particular thing that she doesn't want, has no use for, and never gave a thought to. D'y'see? I know eight like that—eight deliciously pretty, abominably petulant, uncommonly disagreeable women—the kind of women one is charmed to meet in other people's houses, and wouldn't have in one's own at any price. It goes without sayin', I take it, that these houses of theirs are absolute emporiums of everything they have wanted—

Harrod's Stores in miniature. So what did dear old Bee buy for 'em? What? A box of soap for each, for the simple reason that not one of 'em ever washes her face. She has cold, white, stodgy liquid put on the face with the tips of the fingers, and taken off with cold, thin, lemon-smellin' stuff; and then a coat of powder. Oh, I know, d'y'see. I've watched it. It's a long and absorbin' process.

Then there are the women who, because they aren't possibly pretty, only get half the things they want, and long for the rest,

knowin' precisely what they are. Same treatment. To make a hit you must think of some little thing they never wanted, and never longed for, and you break the bottle and ring the bell. The only way to score in these cases is to buy something useful—something useful being the only blessed thing no woman ever wants and never longs for. So for them I bought a nice silver-mounted crumb-brush. Think of it! I had 'em all put in a tweezy case, wrapped in soft, useful paper, neatly tied and addressed and sealed, and in my mind's eye, so to speak, heard exactly what they all said when, after much excited wonder and curiosity, layer after layer came off, case was opened, and that idiotic, necessary thing lay bare before them. "Oh, how really quite delightful. Something I don't want. Dear old, beautiful Bee!" That sort of thing needs genius, what? However let's pass on.

In the case of men, it's just as easy—to the scattered few, the mute, inglorious Napoleons, the Bees of the earth. All the men I know buy every blessed thing they can think of, and owe for the rest. Generally, they have three or four of each. Good. Same treatment. Because they've got a staff of people to look after them, I bought

them a neat and saucy little housewife, stuffed with needles, pins, cottons, tape, darnin'-wool, trousers-buttons, shirt-buttons, tape measure, and thimble—the poor man's friend. A hit, a palpable hit, as one of the Grecian goddesses is supposed to have said when, holdin' her bath-wrap in one hand, she threw a smile at her favourite gladiator. I went in strong for the classics at Eton, so I remember that. A seat of learnin', Eton, although the tips are stiff. And this brings me to the children. Same treatment. All the children I know, between the ages of four and fourteen, see that they get everything they want. Their rooms bulge with books, toys, eatables, and games. Knowin' that, d'y'see, what did I do? Well, I bought a large number of boxes of chocolates, and am going to send one to each, because not one of 'em can now look upon the chocolate without nostalgia. Good Lord, how easy it is to write! How do you like the word nostalgia? I found it yesterday in the Law Courts reports, and cut it out. You may have it. So, the Present question solved, I've got time and to spare for the earnest things of life—I mean, the designin' of a pair of stockings for golf. That will keep me busy for days—real, hard, work, d'y'see.



"MUM'S" THE WORD: A LOST ART.

(DRAWN BY BURTON.)

MRS. KNAGG'S HUSBAND: By gum, Maria! Ain't it wonderful how those old Egyptians could make a woman dry up and stop that way!





# THE CLUBMAN



THE ABOLITION OF THE ALDERSHOT PICKETS—GUARDS—"ORDERS"—OUR WELL-BEHAVED ARMY.

NO one has stayed in a garrison town without having noticed the utter boredom of the half-dozen men and a non-commissioned officer who walk slowly through the streets, apparently taking an aimless "constitutional." They are evidently on some military duty, for they keep step and rank, but that duty seems only an orderly loaf. They are the picket—the body of men told off to parade the town in case any soldiers should create a riot. It is a duty more disliked by the men than any other, because it is so useless. Coal-carrying and other "fatigues," though they are dirty work, are necessary work, and guard-duty is now reduced to the very smallest proportions; but pickets have always walked about the streets, and had not some humane commander, such as General Smith-Dorrien, found time to think whether pickets are still a necessity of military life or not, the six men and a corporal from each regiment would have walked to and fro in every garrison town for many years to come.

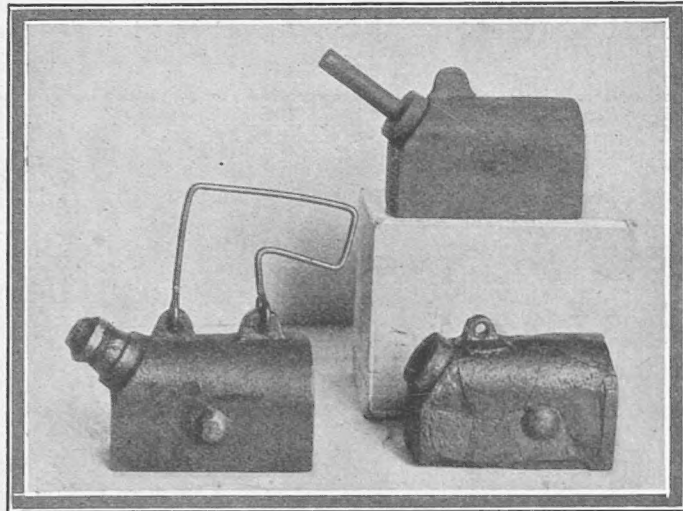
Unnecessary sentry-work was to a great extent abolished some twenty odd years ago. The doctors said that the reason that the old soldiers—the twenty-one-year men—used to grow wizened and become worn out before men of the same age in civilian life was because, week after week and year after year, they used to spend two nights a week in their clothes and boots and belt, doing guard work, and walking up and down a "beat" as sentry two out of every six hours. There are certain orders, pasted always on a board, which every sentry has to learn by heart, which always begin, "Take charge of all Government property within view of my post," and generally end with, "In case of fire or any other unusual occurrence, immediately alarm the guard." These orders, rolled off the tongue fluently, sound almost awe-inspiring; but they often convey absolutely nothing to the man who recites them parrot-wise, and often they are, in fact, a mere formula. Once when a recruit at Limerick Castle informed me that he was in charge of all fires and any other unusual occurrence within view of his post, I tried to ascertain if he really knew why he was doing sentry duty. When I asked him to put into his own words what he was there to guard, he told me that he was required "to keep an eye on the Adjutant's ferrets"; and that was really his only useful purpose where he was. Many of the guards were done away with altogether when the matter was thoroughly gone into; and it was found that a flying sentry, a man moving from place to place with a bayonet as his only sign of authority, could in many cases replace two or three sentries.

No doubt pickets were necessary in the days when half-a-dozen soldiers would go to a public-house where they

thought the beer was adulterated and break as much furniture as they could, and when fights between parties of different regiments would spring up in the ale-houses; and I have no doubt that when drafts are going out to India (which from time immemorial has been an excuse for one final spree on the part of Thomas Atkins), and on other such occasions, pickets may still be needed; but with our present well-behaved Army, to keep bodies of men walking about every night because they may be required once in two years is absurd.

There are several reasons why our Army has become a model one in the matter of behaviour. One is that as the country, as a whole, has become temperate in the matter of drink, the Army has become temperate as well, and another is that every would-be recruit must now give a reference as to character before he is accepted as one of his Majesty's soldiers. Time was when any man, physically fit, apparently of the age at which he could be accepted, and not evidently a deserter from another corps, wishing to enlist, was accepted without any further questions asked. Discipline was relied upon to keep bad characters in order. All the *mauvais sujets* in the country were urged by clergymen and magistrates to take the shilling; and "to go for a soldier" in the villages was considered an alternative to going to the devil. The care now taken by the recruiting officers to sift the wheat from the chaff has made the work of the regimental officers much easier, and has made possible such an order as that which General Smith-Dorrien has just issued. There used in the Service to be regiments known as "difficult" regiments, the men of which were daredevils in action, but very troublesome in quarters. Though the fighting qualities of the "difficult" regiments still remain, their troublesome characteristics have gradually been mollified by the straining-nets of the recruiters, by moral pressure brought upon every British soldier not to drink too much beer, and by the counter-attractions to the canteen now offered him.

One proof of the change in the status of the British soldier in the last forty years is the difference in the appearance of the girl who goes out walking with him on a Sunday, and whom he hopes to marry when he has left the Army and has some civilian employment. I can remember the time when the soldiers' sweethearts wore skirts of the primary colours and their hats were decorated with huge imitation ostrich-feathers. Now the pretty housemaids and nursemaids do not think it *infra dig.* to walk with a man in a red coat; and if Jane the parlour-maid considers Mr. Atkins a fit and proper person to go out with on a Sunday afternoon, it is a very high tribute to his character.

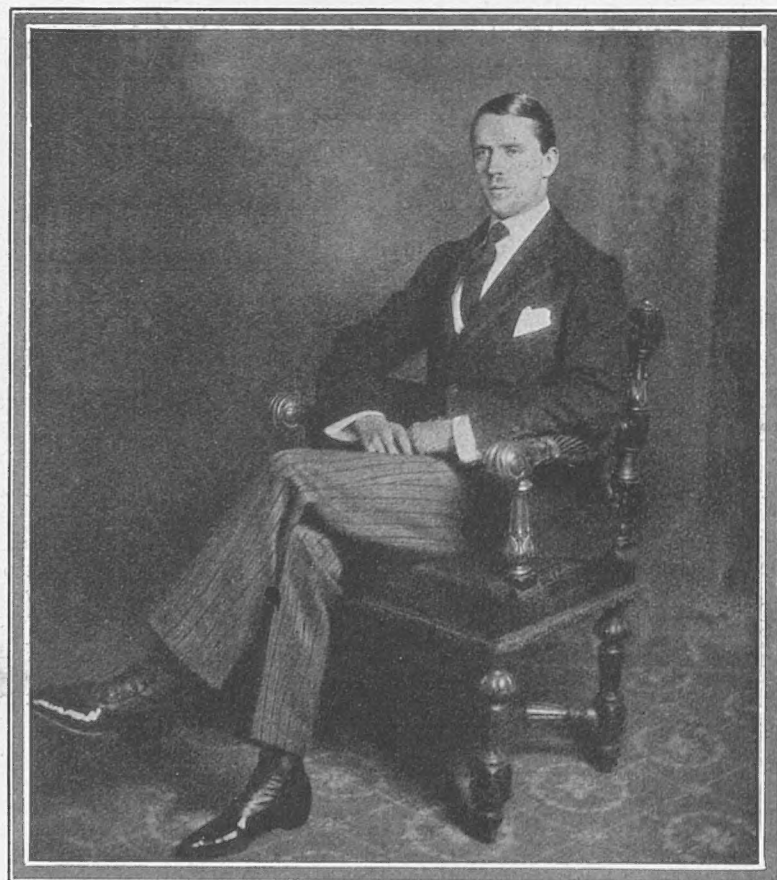


A BOMB IN THE SHAPE OF A LAMP.

The bomb was used on the small pleasure-steamer "Golondrina," and three or four persons were wounded. The sea was searched for pieces of the bomb; these were found and put together, and it was seen to have been made in the form of the small petrol-lamps used by engineers. The first photograph shows a wooden model of the bomb, the second the engineer's lamp in imitation of which the bomb was made, and the third the cast-iron bomb itself.

Photograph by Halftones.

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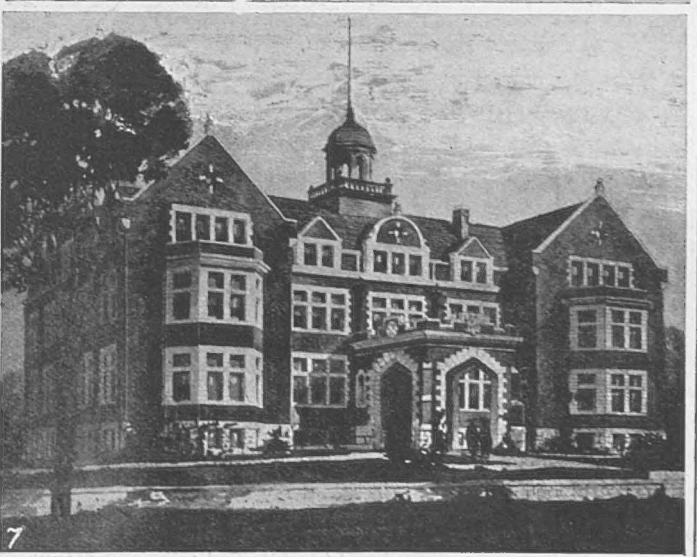
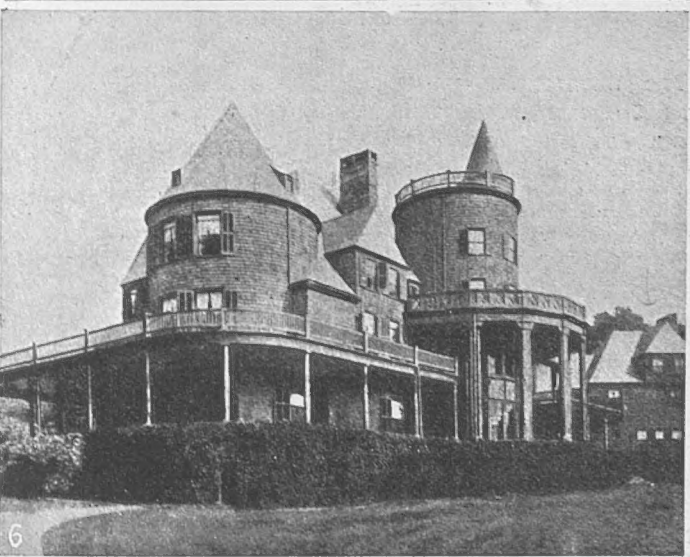
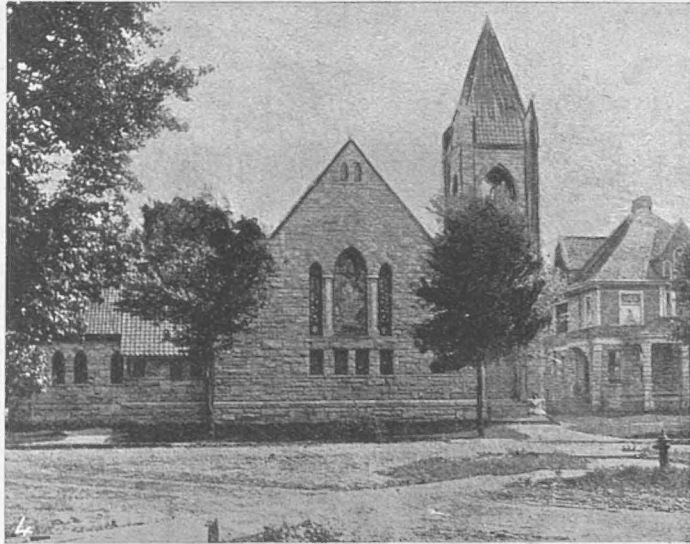
ONE OF THE GREAT SUCCESSSES IN "SIR ANTHONY": MR. EVELYN BEERBOHM, WHO IS PLAYING ROBERT MORRISON.

Mr. Beerbohm, who, by the way, is a nephew of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, made a great success in "Sir Anthony," on the occasion of what we believe to be his first appearance on the London stage.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



# "ABRUZZI - ELKINS"? NO! — "ANDREW - ELKINS"? PERHAPS!

FIGURES IN THE GREATEST MARRIAGE PROBLEM OF MODERN AMERICA.



1. MRS. ELKINS, MOTHER OF MISS KATHERINE ELKINS.

2. MISS KATHERINE ELKINS, WHO, IT WAS SAID, WAS TO MARRY THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI, BUT WHO, IT IS NOW SAID, WILL MARRY LIEUTENANT ADOLPHUS ANDREW, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

3. SENATOR ELKINS, FATHER OF MISS KATHERINE ELKINS.

4. THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ELKINSVILLE, BUILT BY SENATOR ELKINS.

5. THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE ELKINS' HOUSE AT ELKINSVILLE.

6. THE ELKINS' HOUSE AT ELKINSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

7. THE COLLEGE AT ELKINSVILLE, BUILT BY SENATOR ELKINS.

When it was announced that Miss Katherine Elkins was to marry the Duke of Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, America, led by its Press, went mad with curiosity and delight. Story after story of the forthcoming wedding was told. It was said that Miss Elkins was to be received in Italy as a Royal Princess, that her trousseau had been ordered, and that various presents and messages had passed between her and the Duke. One by one these stories were denied circumstantially by the Elkins family; but, for all this, America believed firmly that the marriage was to take place. At last, however, it has come to the conclusion that there was truth in the denials that emanated from Elkinsville, and is apparently determined to believe a statement newly announced that Miss Elkins is engaged to Lieutenant Adolphus Andrew, of the United States Navy. That gentleman "will neither affirm nor deny the statement."—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the P.-F. Press Bureau.]





SIR FRANCIS ROSE PRICE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARJORY RUSSELL.

Sir Francis Caradoc Rose Price is the fifth Baronet, and was born in 1880. He was educated at Wellington College, and succeeded his brother seven years ago. Miss Marjory Russell is the youngest daughter of Sir William and Lady Russell, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. The wedding is to take place in New Zealand.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

apart from ladies of the royal family, are permitted to enter there; and, indeed, the only non-royal lady who is allowed to come there at any time without a direct invitation from the Queen is her Majesty's friend and confidante, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. It is to this room that the Queen retreats almost every afternoon for tea and a rest before dinner; and it is rarely indeed that she takes five o'clock tea with the ladies of a house-party staying at Sandringham, either Princess Victoria or Queen Maud of Norway acting for her on these occasions. A profusion of flowers is scattered about the boudoir, while a feature of the room is the enormous number of photographs it contains. Nearly every European royalty is represented there, the great majority of the portraits being autographed, while there are a large number of her Majesty's snapshots also to be found there.

*A Lady's Newspaper.* Lady Bathurst holds a unique place among women as the owner of a great London newspaper. Lord Glenesk, in leaving the *Morning Post* to his daughter, placed the handsome property in the hands of male trustees, so that Lady Bathurst will not really have much to do with the paper beyond receiving large revenues from it and—vastly less agreeable—a multitude of letters from bores who,

THE QUEEN'S boudoir at Sandringham is, as her Majesty herself declares, her favourite apartment of all those at her residences. It overlooks the gardens, and is a very light and airy room. The walls are decorated in her Majesty's favourite colours—pale apple-green and white, and some priceless bric-à-brac is arranged in cabinets, while the furniture is mainly of the time of Marie Antoinette. Only the very favoured few,

he now possesses more acres than volumes. At the best of times his library was not an enormous one, for during all his career as a collector of books he has been a judicious and careful buyer. Particularly did he relish the look and touch of a fine old binding, and it has long been his pleasure and privilege to read the English poets, the Elizabethans as well as their successors, in original editions. But even more difficult to part with than the poets were the herbalists and



GEORGIANA WASHINGTON AND HER LITTLE AXE: MRS. CARRIE NATION, WITH THE HATCHET WITH WHICH SHE HAS BROKEN UP SO MANY BARS.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, who believes it to be a truth that no man should drink anything stronger than water, has arrived in this country on a temperance crusade. Fortunately for the Trade, perhaps, she has left behind her the axe with which she did so much execution amongst the bars and bottles of America, and is contenting herself with entering every public-house and lecturing the proprietors and their customers at considerable length.

after meeting her at luncheon, beg her to get their parties, their pet charities, their friends' novels noticed favourably in the *Post*.

*A Lordly Bibliophile.* Lord Amherst of Hackney, who has been kept by business of a binding nature in Grosvenor Square for much longer than he likes, found but little pleasure or excitement in the dispersal of his first portion of his splendid library. Like many a noble Lord before him,

with a red-faced public shouting unkind things to the lady at the exchange, who is used to that kind of compliment, and doesn't mind a bit. The Maison Dorée—for that is the name of the metamorphosed restaurant—is going to live up to its reputation, even in its new state; it will be gilded and sculptured and plastered over with pretty Cupids. Stamps instead of steaks, *mandats de poste* instead of *cotelettes de veau*. Well, well,



MISS EDITH MARY PERKS, WHO IS TO MARRY FLEET-PAYMASTER B. C. ALLEN.

Miss Perks is one of the four daughters of Sir Robert William Perks, Bart., the well-known contractor for docks and other works, solicitor, and treasurer of the Liberal League, of the Free Church Congress, of the London Wesleyan Mission, and the Wesleyan Methodist Twentieth-Century Million Fund.

Photograph by Langflier.

gardeners: these were delightful to Lord Amherst the landed gentleman as well as to Lord Amherst the bibliophile. In the matter of bookplates the Lord of Hackney has set an excellent example to other noble collectors of books. A tiny plate engraved with his arms is the only mark of his ownership on a page where a flourish of names and titles and seats is often all too liberally indulged in.

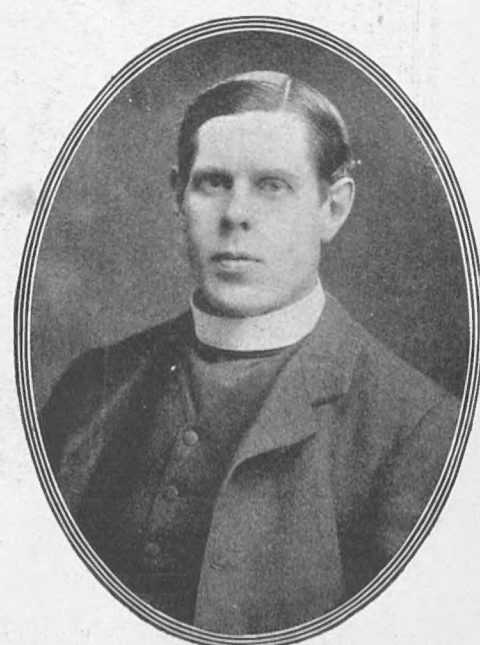
*The Six Sisters.* There are, of course, many interested appreciators of Lord Amherst's taste in the sale-room. His six daughters, it is true, have never been keenly involved in his hobby; but Lady Amherst, who is herself responsible for a book, particularly regrets the dispersal of some of the contents of the family library. Lady William Cecil, who, by special remainder, steps into what would have been the shoes of a male heir had there been one, does not feel the loss of the books one half so keenly as she feels her father's reluctance to say good-bye to them. She, by the way, is the mother of four sons, and no daughter, which somewhat restores the balance of the sexes in the family.

*Paris Metamorphosis.* One of the old famous Paris restaurants is changing its *genre* and becoming a post-office. Instead of the *cabinets particuliers* will be the *cabinets téléphoniques*



MISS GRACE CATHERINE TROTTER, Who is engaged to the Rev. and Hon. Charles Edward Cumming Bruce, of Missions to Seamen, eldest son of Lord Thurlow.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE REV. AND HON. CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING BRUCE,

Who is engaged to Miss Grace Catherine Trotter, only child of Canon and Mrs. Trotter, of Christ Church Vicarage, Barnet.

Photograph by Fry.



## THE VERY DEVIL? WHICH IS HE?

ACTORS WHO ARE PLAYING THE DEVIL IN AMERICA.



1. MR. EDWIN STEVENS AS THE DEVIL IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

2. MR. W. L. ABINGDON AS THE DEVIL.

3. MR. HENRY E. DIXEY AS THE DEVIL.

4. MR. EDWIN STEVENS AS THE DEVIL.

"The Devil," by M. Molnar, the Hungarian dramatist, is being presented throughout America, and is causing a great deal of excitement. Mr. Henry W. Savage alone is responsible for no fewer than ten "Devils," one of them in New York, the others dotted throughout the United States. It is amusing to note that some are taking the question of the moral in "The Devil" very much to heart. The following is an extract from a letter received by Mr. Stevens: "Your terrific presentation of the Devil has saved my wife. . . . It was in desperation that I took her to see the show. We left the theatre, both of us trembling, and from that moment she was saved. Every married woman and every woman who is going to be married should see 'The Devil.'"—[Photographs 1, 3, 4 by White; 2 by Gilbert and Bacon.]





THE HON. GERALD S. MONTAGU,  
SON OF LORD SWAYTHLING, WHO  
IS TO MARRY MISS FLORENCE  
CASTELLO.

*Photograph by Langflier.*

century ago by Lady Caroline Lamb in her fit of anger with Lord Byron. Her infatuation for the poet had suffered a deep hurt when he put an end to the correspondence between them in a letter bearing the coronet and initials of Lady Oxford, whom she loathed. Lady Caroline's revenge was two-fold—she wrote "Glenarvon" and she burned Byron in effigy at Bocket. The site of that pyre, round which Lady Caroline danced not altogether miserably, is not known for certain; but there is a good guess at it.

*A Bread-and-Butter Romance.* And nobody is quite certain of the identity of the room in which, at the time of that bonfire, Lady Caroline and her husband—afterwards the most beloved of Queen Victoria's advisers—became reconciled to one another. The deed of separation was duly drawn up; the husband's solicitor and Lady Caroline's brother were in waiting; and Lamb, looking as much like a wolf as he could, went to get the signature of Lady Caroline and to say the last good-byes. The two witnesses were upon the mat, waiting to be summoned. But the summons did not come. They cooled their heels. They coughed.

## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, like all other guests at Bocket Hall, are delightfully entertained by Lord and Lady Mountstephen. But it is difficult at Bocket not to pass a considerable part of your time with the ghosts of the Melbournes. No fire kindled in those halls to-day can dim the flames of that bonfire lighted nearly a

### Duke and Martyr.

The hard case of the Duke of Westminster, who nearly drank himself to death in a glass of water, has quite softened the hearts of Party managers, who have been grumbling at his absence from England and the Lobby for the Licensing Bill division.

A wit among the Peers talks of drafting a resolution condemnatory of unlicensed water-drinking; and a jester among journalists has been heard to declare that so dangerous a beverage should be obtainable only at a chemist's on the order of a doctor. Meanwhile, the fate of the Duke might very well supply a footnote to history. There are men who still tell you the number of dozen of this brand and t'other which Buller ordered to be sent out from Piccadilly to Pretoria. Well, enteric is not a very good condition to fight upon, and Buller may be pardoned for evading the cup that has nearly proved too much for the popular young Duke.

*The Old Soldier.* Lord Wolseley is not often to be seen in town. Friends who wish to hold converse with him must needs journey out to Hampton Court. The old soldier—that term should never have been allowed to take a sinister turn—lives very much in the past, and thrice he slays the slain. The little matters of the moment escape him. He sometimes forgets that he has given a friendly caller afternoon tea, and calls for it afresh; but he can tell you in detail all about Tel-el-Kebir and the false dawn that nearly deceived him as to the whereabouts of the enemy. Lord Wolseley seems a little



DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR:  
PRINCESS PRETIVA OF KUCH BEHAR.

The three daughters of the Maharajah and the Maharanee are very highly educated. The family motto of the Kuch Behars is, "Where there is virtue there is victory."

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*

They listened for sounds of conflict inside and they heard only cooing. At last they ventured to open the door; they peeped in; and they saw the husband kneeling at the feet of a smiling wife who was plying him with transparent pieces of bread-and-butter. They can still cut "transparent" bread-and-butter at Bocket; but somehow it can never taste quite equal to those historic bits that held the Melbournes together.

lost in the London of motor-cars; for his old alertness at crossings has left him. But Lady Wolseley's companionship makes such revisittings of old haunts an altogether safe and pleasant pastime for him. During his recent visit to town he saw many old friends. He has still an eye for the windows of bric-à-brac shops, both he and Lady Wolseley, having made a multitude of "second-hand" purchases, always with excellent judgment.



MISS FLORENCE CASTELLO, WHO  
IS TO MARRY THE HON. GERALD  
S. MONTAGU, THIRD SON OF  
LORD SWAYTHLING.

*Photograph by Langflier.*



MRS. ALEXANDER MURRAY (FORMERLY MISS CHRISTIAN STEWART-RICHARDSON) WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH.

Mr. Alexander Murray is a brother of Lord Mansfield, descendant of the cup-bearer of James II. Mrs. Murray is the sister of Sir Edward Stewart-Richardson, Bt.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*



AN IMPORTANT YORKSHIRE HOSTESS:  
MRS. KENNETH WILSON.

Mrs. Kenneth Wilson is the daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Tranby Croft. She is particularly fond of jewels, and has a splendid collection of emeralds; indeed, perhaps the best in Society.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



HATS AND HOSE BY THE MAISON NATURE:  
BIRDS THAT DO NOT NEED MILLINERS.  
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



NATURAL HEAD-GEAR THE ABLEST MILLINER MIGHT ENVY: CRESTED AND FEATHER-FOOTED BIRDS;  
TO SAY NOTHING OF THE LONG-TAILED JAPANESE COCK.

*Photograph of No. 2 by Illustrations Bureau and of No. 5 by Russell and Sons.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(D. E. F. S. (Honore))

"DEIRDRE"—"ELECTRA"—"SIR ANTHONY"—THE FOLLIES—"INTO THE LIGHT"—"THE ANTELOPE"—"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

"THEY come not single spies, but in battalions," seems to be the motto applicable to the novelties. The most interesting members of the present battalion are Mrs. Patrick Campbell's two productions, "Deirdre"—the really poetical tragedy by Mr. W. B. Yeats concerning two hapless Irish lovers in the days of long ago—and "Electra," the German version of the old Greek tragedy, admirably translated by Mr. Arthur Symonds. In each Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the principal part. In the former her work was delicate, fine, and interesting. The piece is not strongly dramatic, but she rendered it well worthy of a visit. In "Electra" her acting seemed to me a little brutalised as the result of past performances to insensitive audiences; still, though we had the realistic rather than the classic, the fault is mainly the author's, and Mrs. Campbell's work is picturesque, sometimes thrilling, and always marked strongly by her strange, fascinating personality.

It is pleasant to welcome an old friend after a long separation, and therefore we were glad to see the return to the stage of Mr. Haddon Chambers, who has several great successes to his credit. "Sir Anthony" seems likely to add to the number. Mr. Chambers has written a light comedy with quite a new idea for its basis, and carried it out skilfully. We all enjoy studies of snobbishness, since every one of us is thankful he is not a snob, and it is the easier to enjoy when the type chosen is one of another class. Clarence Chope is quite a clever study of the swollen-headed clerk who, partly from vanity, partly from instinct, trades upon an ocean-passage acquaintance with Sir Anthony Mellish, who is a "big pot." Unfortunately for Clarence, his vanity urged him on to some egregious falsehoods, and so, at a critical moment, which might well have occurred later in the play, his fine feathers were stripped off him, and he was left a mere naked impostor, shivering. Perhaps the action drags a little; it can be quickened. Possibly the characters are rather invented than observed; but they are effective, so there is plenty of laughter. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was quite in his humour as the fatuous clerk, and gave one of the best of his performances. A newcomer was presented to us in Mr. Evelyn Beérbohm: no doubt the term "newcomer" means no more than that a clever young actor, after hard work outside the little circle of West-End theatres, has only just got inside. At any rate, he made a decided "hit." There were plenty of clever people, such as Miss Suzanne Sheldon, successful as a lady of the *nouveau-riche* class; Miss Christine Silver, who gave a convincing figure of a little suburban girl; and Miss Nina Boucicault, skilful in her presentation of the hero's plucky sister; nor should the acting of Mr. Beveridge be unmentioned.

In place of the old phrase, "The Browns are coming to town," playgoers have been murmuring, "The Follies are coming to town." They have come, and seem likely to stay. The entertainment at the Apollo is exceedingly amusing, the "Beverage" quartets are quaint and pretty, the extravaganza concerning Love and the County Council has some very droll turns, and the burlesque of "Faust," at His Majesty's, is often very diverting, if sometimes a little cruel. Mr. Pélisser, a whole fortress of strength, has at his command the artists popular in London, and it is difficult to imagine a programme more likely to amuse the jaded playgoer.



A PRETTY DANCER WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON PAVILION, MISS KITTY COLYER.

Miss Colyer, the well-known young dancer, is now appearing with much success at the London Pavilion, from which hall she goes to the Oxford and the Tivoli.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence, an actor of ability, as author is simple and guileless. His play, "Into the Light," running for a week at the Court, tells in an old-fashioned way of a poor blind violinist, of German origin, who lived with a little old violin-maker. They had a brutal landlord, who objected to his daughter marrying a blind German musician, and in a fit of temper smashed the violinist's wonderfully valuable violin, which had been in the family for centuries; and only repented three years later, when the hero had regained his eyesight, and proved to be a German Count with much money. Mr. Lawrence gave himself a very suitable part, in which he could play solos whenever he pleased. Miss Elaine Inescort and Miss Joan Ritz acted pleasantly and naturally as the landlord's two daughters; and Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Mary Brough, and Mr. Courtney Foote distinguished themselves in small parts.

"The Antelope," at the Waldorf Theatre, is a musical comedy distinguished by the presence of rather more plot than usual, and some quite attractive music. Mr. Adrian

Ross is responsible for the plot, adapted from the French. Some of Hugo Felix's music is original and charming, and there are airs in it which are likely to prove popular. Miss Kitty Gordon and Miss Florence Lloyd sang them well; Miss José Collins danced cleverly, and Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. Fred Emney, and Mr. John Braborne dealt successfully with the humours of the piece.

At the Savoy "The Pirates of Penzance" have returned to their place in the programme. The gem of the performance is Mr. Rutland Barrington's perfect rendering of the Sergeant of Police. Mr. Workman is once again an admirable Major-General; and despite certain faults in the singing, the whole performance goes excellently, and was received on the first night of the revival with the greatest enthusiasm.



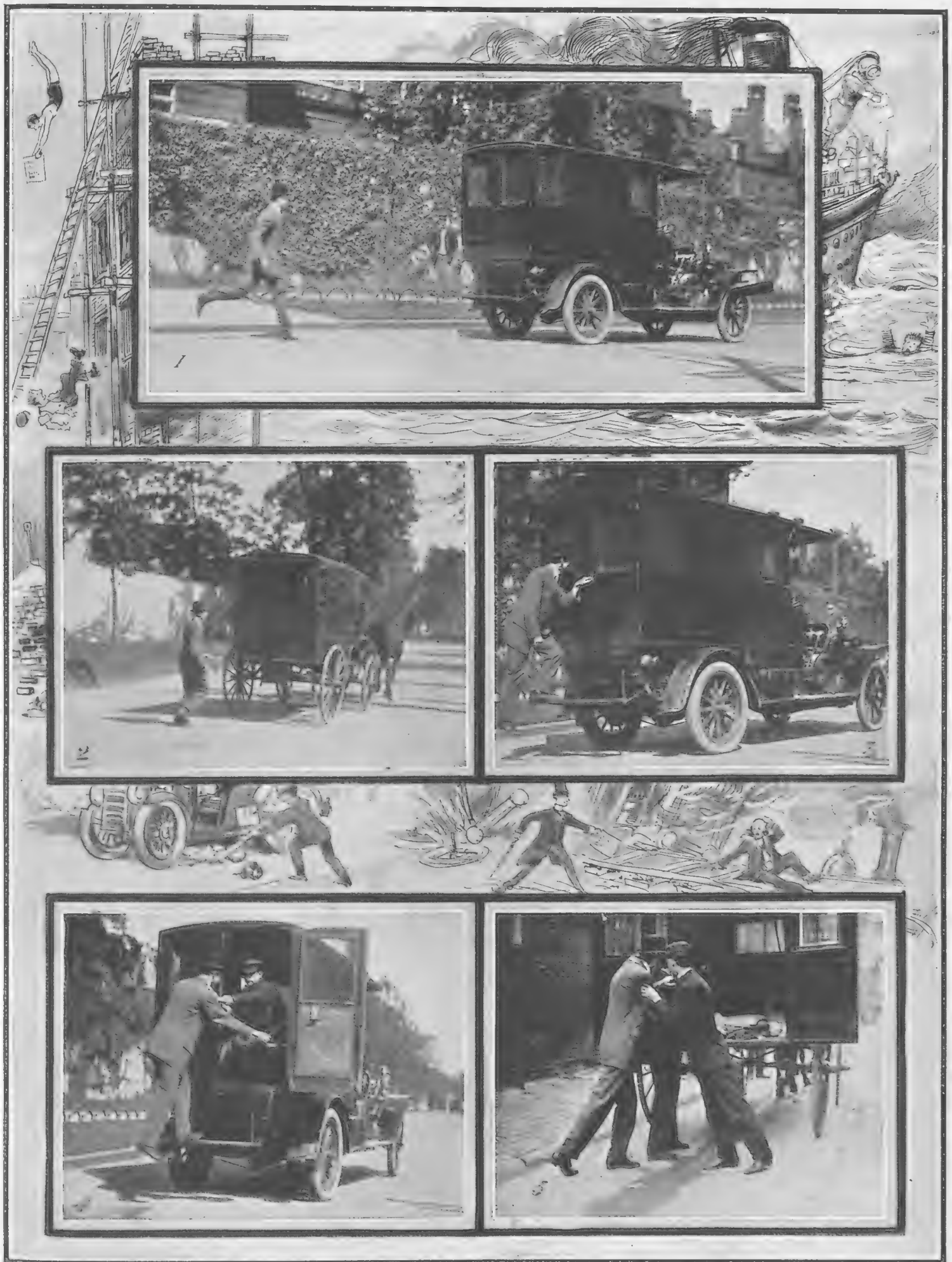
HOSTESSES AT THE RÉPÉTITION GÉNÉRALE OF "PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES": THE MISSES FELICITY AND IRIS TREE.

The fairy play, "Pinkie and the Fairies," is to be produced at His Majesty's on the 19th. At the répétition générale Mr. Tree's youngest daughters will act as hostesses, and invitations will be sent to children only, it being understood, however, that the children may bring their parents or guardians if they promise to behave well. Admission will be by invitation, but a charge of a penny a head will be made.

Photograph by Halfones.



## COMPENSATION - CASE CHASERS: AMBULANCE - HUNTERS.



1. A COMPENSATION-CASE CHASER RUNNING AFTER AN AMBULANCE-CAR, IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO PERSUADE THE VICTIM OF THE ACCIDENT TO CONSULT THE SOLICITORS HE REPRESENTS.

2. NEARING THE AMBULANCE.

3. ON THE STEP AT LAST.

4. THE AMBULANCE ATTENDANT FORCIBLY FRUSTRATES THE DESIGN OF THE PERSISTENT CHASER.

5. THE CHASER MAKES A FINAL DASH, BUT IS INTERCEPTED.

A recent advertisement in an American newspaper read, "Young men wanted; must have nerve and a sprinting record; good pay for the right ones." It turned out afterwards that the men were wanted to act as compensation-case chasers—that is to say, it would be their business to follow ambulances to the scene of the accident, follow the ambulances back to the hospital, and on the way seek to persuade the victims of disaster to bring compensation cases and to employ particular firms of solicitors represented by them. So great a nuisance has this ambulance-hunting become that the medical men of America are determined to take action and put an end to it. This is particularly difficult, for the chasers not only run after the ambulances, but, pretending to be relatives of the victim, even get into the hospital wards.—[Photographs by the P. S. Press Bureau.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Notifying Heaven.

The new Emperor of China is at once a precocious and a backward youth. While, in view of his coronation, he has been issuing edicts respecting the status of the ladies of the harem, his excellent mother has been busy finding nurses for him. They are thorough-going in some respects, our friends the Chinese Monarchs beyond the Celestial Empire are content to advise merely terrestrial Sovereigns of their accession; the Chinese are as polite to heaven. The proclamation announcing the august event in China is addressed to the monarch's ancestors, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath. As we have seen, the ceremony is less interesting than in earlier days. Then the Emperor-elect had thrice to swear by all the philosophers that he was unworthy to occupy the throne, and hurriedly dump himself in it, lest any of the male line of his house, forbidden for State reasons to appear at the coronation, should incontinently pop up, take him at his word, and declare himself both worthy and willing.

**Our Home-Grown Monsters.** We shall watch with interest for news of the expedition which is to bring back the bones of prehistoric monsters newly discovered in German East Africa. We are singularly inattentive, however, to treasure of the sort lying at our own doors, as it were. A most eligible ichthyosaurus bulges out of the flint of a Kentish cave, but nobody cares a rap about it—except in a negative sense. The one care is that it shall remain as it is, unassisted from its matrix by pick or hammer of geologist. The reason is that, far up above its back so broad there rests, possibly, somebody's drawing-room, and any movement of the fossil fish-lizard might set the whole house swimming. But, fixed as it is, the stony-hearted monster is distinctly a credit to the diet of old-time Britain. If the clearly defined pelvis is not as big as the three-feet three-inches of those in which East Africa glories, it certainly looks the size, while vertebræ loom from the flint huge as butchers' chopping-blocks. Undoubtedly, in those spacious days we could grow a first-class ichthyosaurus.

**The Sovereign Herb.** Is it kind, is it true, is it necessary about their determining to hammer any man who smokes on the Stock Exchange before four o'clock in

the afternoon? Gladstone held, with Lord Castlereagh, that no man ought to enter the society of ladies until four hours had elapsed after he had smoked a cigar. At what time, then, may a

member of the House appear before his pride and joy if he has to moon about until after four o'clock for his smoke? It is no use; the smoker will smoke. Sir William Ramsay told Mark Twain at Oxford that they would probably fine him a sovereign for smoking, and hang him afterwards. But Sir William and the Clemensian one, with Mr. Kipling and Sir Norman Lockyer, braved the rope and had their smoke, stealing out into a deserted quadrangle to get it. A good cigar is a key to the most flinty of hearts. Even Bismarck, of blood and iron, admitted this. He declared the cigar indispensable to the diplomatist. "The eye is occupied, the hand engaged, the organ of smell is gratified—one is happy. In this state

one is disposed to make concessions, and our business as diplomatists consists entirely in the making of mutual concessions." Hence, perhaps, the reason that the first thing done at the Algieras Conference, as at the election of the Pope, was to provide accommodation for delegates to smoke.

**Faith and the Farrier.** While so many people are championing, or challenging, the merits of "faith-healing," one wonders if the working-man oculist whose death Scotland is bemoaning did not profit by the belief and will to be cured of some of his patients. For it is impossible not to remember the oft-told story of the successful doctor whom Scott, upon his travels, recognised south of the Border. "Well, but you were a horse-doctor before," said the novelist to the emancipated blacksmith; "now you are a man-doctor. How do you get on?" "Oh, just extraordinary weel," was the answer. "Your honour maun ken that my practice is verra sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon two simples." "And what may they be, unless it is a secret?" inquired Scott. "I'll tell your honour," came the low-toned answer. "My two simples are just laudamy and calamy." "Simples with a vengeance, John," retorted the novelist; "but do you never kill anybody?" "Kill? Oh, aye; may be sae," quoth the farrier. "Whiles they die, and whiles no—but it's the will o' Providence. Onyhow, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!"



A BULL-TERRIER "AT HOME": THE INVITATION FOR AN "AT HOME" AT THE CARLTON ISSUED BY COUNT VON MOURIK DE BEAUFORT AND BOB.

Bob, a fine bull-terrier, is his master's particular pet. When in New York he assisted at the capture of a burglar, was lionised by the American papers, and so got used to holding receptions. Now, whenever his master is "at home," Bob is "at home" too.



BOB AND HIS MASTER, COUNT VON MOURIK DE BEAUFORT. The Count is twenty-seven and a bachelor, and succeeded not long ago to one of the oldest Dutch titles. Bob is valued at five hundred guineas, and is four years old.

Photographs by Halfon.



A STALE JOKE!



THE MAN WHO ASKED: Now, if I bought twelve buns for threepence, what would each be?  
THE BOY WHO KNEW: Stale, Sir.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. HERMAN CHILTON, the author of "Grit," the new play which Miss Lena Ashwell has produced at the Kingsway, belongs to the long list of business men who have adopted literature as a "side line," so to speak. If heredity and environment are factors of the overwhelming importance claimed for them by some scientists, Mr Chilton's sympathies and tastes

should be very wide, if not cosmopolitan, for his father was an Englishman, his mother was a Dutchwoman, and he was born in Brussels, was taken to Italy when quite a baby, and lived for eleven years at Milan, where he got the better part of his education. Then his family removed to England, and he was sent to a grammar school in the Midlands, where he spent his time in unlearning the knowledge he had previously acquired. Before he was fifteen he was in an engineer's office as a boy-of-all-work. That, however, was evidently not congenial occupation, for four years later he drifted to London and entered the Civil Service. Again dissatisfied, he returned to Wolverhampton when he

that the Colonel was in front, and the honour of the regiment demanded that they should not "be licked before him by a lot of blooming actors for a bob a night."

Miss Ethel Morrison, who is playing at the Savoy, from the direction of which Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has recently announced her intention of withdrawing, has practically spent the whole of her stage life in association with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. That, however, is not very long, for it is only about a year since she joined Mrs. D'Oyly Carte's company after coming from New Zealand. Before she left, the inhabitants of her native town got up in her honour one of the biggest concerts ever known at the Antipodes, and presented her, in addition, with a purse of a hundred sovereigns as a parting present. Short as her career has been, she has been the victim of one of those accidents which the proverb informs us will happen in the best-regulated families, and the word may well be used with regard to the company now at the Savoy, for it has always been described as a happy family. Miss Morrison was acting Lady Jane, in "Patience," one evening, when, all of a sudden, without an instant's warning, the 'cello on which she was playing fell to pieces, and she was left with the bow in one hand and the strings in the other, to the amusement of the audience.

That actors occasionally forget their lines is a well-known fact, for the prompter is an institution in every theatre. For one to forget a dance and to "dry up" in it—the theatrical phrase for being unable to continue a part—is something which will strike the theatre-goer as a novelty. It, however, happened to Mr. Huntley Wright, of all people in the world, at Daly's Theatre, where he was playing in one of his greatest successes. After he had been performing his dance rather more than a year, he found, to his dismay, that he had not the slightest recollection of the steps which were to follow the ones he was just finishing. Of course he is too expert a dancer not to be able to gag steps on the spur of the moment, so that the audience was unaware that anything unusual had happened. The next night, before he went on the stage, he carefully rehearsed the dance; but during the performance his memory again played him false. Although he rehearsed carefully the next day, the same thing happened on the third night. Then, amazing as it seems, after that and until the end of the run of the piece, he had no further trouble with the recalcitrant steps. His memory never again played him false, and his legs did all that was required of them, so that he is fully justified in regarding them with equal affection, and without showing favouritism to either of them, as he declares so humorously in "The King of Cadonia."



"THE BALLAD-MONGER" AS A MUSIC-HALL SKETCH.  
MISS MABEL HACKNEY AS GRINGOIRE.

"Gringoire" is an adaptation of "The Ballad-Monger," in which, it will be remembered, Mr. Tree was so successful. In the present version, which is being given at the Coliseum, Miss Mabel Hackney will be the Gringoire (the part played by Mr. Tree), and Mr. Laurence Irving the Louis XI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

was twenty-two, and took up manufacturing. A manufacturer, of sorts, as he has been humorously heard to say, he has remained ever since. Since this he has "dabbled" a bit in writing, with the result that various magazines have printed his short stories, and the catalogue of the reading-room of the British Museum records the publication of a novel which has been out of print for the last fifteen years, "providentially," as he often avers. In what he considers a happy hour, he submitted his manuscript of "Grit" to Miss Ashwell, with the result which is known to every reader of *The Sketch*.

In the days of his theatrical youth Mr. Norman Page, who is playing in "Hannele," with which Mr. Tree inaugurated the afternoon theatre yesterday at His Majesty's, was a member of Miss Sarah Thorne's dramatic school at Margate. One evening an Irish drama was put up, in which the peasants had to storm a building and overcome the military who had been sent against them. The actors of the company represented the peasants who had to speak, while a detachment of men from the Royal Engineers were engaged for the military. At the rehearsals, the business of the attack and repulse was carefully arranged, and the soldiers clearly understood the duties that were expected of them. When the performance came, however, the young actors ran at the soldiers, expecting to beat them. To their dismay, however, the soldiers simply "wiped the floor" with them, while a sergeant seized Mr. Norman Page and plastered him on the wall, "somewhere near the gallery," as it seemed to him when he realised what had happened. Naturally, when the curtain fell, explanations had to be forthcoming. The spokesman of the men thereupon declared



A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH PRIMA-DONNA WHO IS SINGING AT THE PALACE: Mlle. MARIA VINENT.

Mlle. Vinent is appearing at the Palace, where she is singing three Spanish songs and giving a Spanish dance with very considerable success. For four years Mlle. Vinent was in opera, and had a brilliant career in Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere. She made her first appearance in Milan. Her family belongs to the aristocracy of Spain, but Mlle. Vinent's parents lost the greater part of their money by reason of the Cuban War.

Photograph by Gerlach.



IN THE ART NOUVEAU HOUSE.



MISTRESS (*of artistic bent*): And don't forget the potatoes, Jane.

COOK (*who has listened and learned*): No, Ma'am. Will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the noode?

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I WAS writing last week, if you happened to read me, of translations from the French, and remarked, in my profound way, that they lost the spirit and grace of the original. Since then I have read a sixpenny translation of M. Gaston Leroux's "Yellow Room," which I believe is famous; at least I have frequently heard of it as a fine detective story. How much spirit and grace there was to lose I do not know. One really ought not to lose so very much in a translation of a detective story, where the essential matter is the plot, the thrilling and puzzling events in their most effective sequence; so long as the English is clear and reads naturally, it is enough. Unfortunately, in this case the translator is not—at least, to my mind—a master of simple English, and there are too many passages where something odd sets one guessing at the probable original, which is distracting to one's attention, so that my view about translations was confirmed.

The reader will ask—that is, if he cares twopence about the matter—why I did not read the book in French. Well, the French did not come my way, and I picked up this English sixpennyworth at a stall. As an old reviewer, I strongly dislike buying new books, just as an ex-critic of plays can hardly bring himself to pay for a seat in a theatre. His case is worse, because he has got the habit of sitting in the stalls, and ten shillings is a frightful sum to pay for seeing the average play; but even four-and-six for a novel is a lot of money in these hard times, when one used to get them—yea, in their three-volume form, before you were born—for nothing. Sixpence, however, I can manage, and so I bought "The Yellow Room." I suppose all new books will soon be sold for sixpence, for the intelligent public will hardly pay more when it can get so much good stuff for that amount. It looks like a bad day for authors and publishers: not that I care, for I am thinking of giving up the former trade in disgust, and was never a devoted friend to the latter.

But to return to "The Yellow Room." I am patriotically happy to say that, in my opinion, it is not a patch on our own Sherlock. It swaggers dreadfully. It tells you at the outset that there never was such a devil of a mystery, never such a devil of a detective as the hero, Rouletabille, who eventually unravels it. All that, perhaps, made me extra-critical, but I am quite sure it would never have appealed to me very much. The test of a really good detective story is that only necessity can make you lay it down until you have finished it, and then you are sorry and inclined to begin again—which you can do after a time, for one always forgets the plots. In this case, my difficulty was in taking it up when I had read half of it, and I was quite glad to have done with it. It begins well; the puzzle really is a puzzle; you are set thinking. But it is ever so much too long; so many strange things happen

that you cannot remember them all, and find it difficult to fit them into their proper places; when the solution comes, you have forgotten half the things which are solved. In fine, I was disappointed; but perhaps it was all the fault of the translation.

A detective story pure and simple ought to be short. I know that some great ones have been long: Wilkie Collins's, for example, were far longer than this one. But then, Wilkie Collins's stories were more than detective stories pure and simple. He was interested in people, and could interest the reader in *his* people. One was only too glad that they should be elaborated and the details of their lives gone into. One could not have too much of the inimitable Count Fosco. But who cares a button about any of the people in a contemporary detective story, except as con-

stituent parts of the mystery? Certainly I could not manage to care a button for anyone in "The Yellow Room" for himself or herself: they seemed simply like pieces on a chess-board. I am afraid I feel the same about people in the Sherlock Holmes stories. Sir A. Conan Doyle spends all his ability over the puzzle, and leaves the people mere rough types, and not very credible types either: I remember really rebelling against a Ruritanian sort of King who comes to England incognito in boots trimmed with fur, a flame-coloured cloak with a brooch, and heaven knows what impossibilities. In this matter, to be fair to M. Leroux, "The Yellow Room"

is far superior; the people are credible enough in a sort of way—only one doesn't care what happens to them.

Talking of detective stories, I am reminded of the sort of inverted ones which used to delight me—of Raffles, in fact. Holmes goes on for ever; why no more Raffles? True, he is dead, but we would contrive to forget that if Bunny—it was Bunny, wasn't it?—who is supposed to be living in the suburbs somewhere, would rake up some more reminiscences. I hope no busybody has persuaded Mr. Hornung that the glorification of burglary, even with detection at the end of it, was inimical to public morals. I don't believe it for a moment. Certainly the excitements of burglary seemed to be extremely thrilling, but I am sure no one would take it up as a profession from a merely literary stimulus: it is far too dangerous and difficult.

I saw a little book to-day about the history of the horse, by Mr. Basil Tozer. A good little book, but it does not tell me—no book ever has—how it occurred to man to "domesticate" the horse. There was an article in the October *Contemporary* showing that the dog domesticated man: that is, attached himself to man for food. But one can hardly believe the horse came and invited man to have a ride. I wonder how it happened.

N. O. I.



AN OLD MASTER DISCOVERED BY CLEANING: A PICTURE BY JUAN BAUTISTA DEL MAZO-MARTINEZ, THE PUPIL AND SON-IN-LAW OF VELASQUEZ.

The picture here illustrated was given to the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham Street, E.C., a few weeks ago. It was very dirty and had suffered much from neglect. Cleaning revealed what is believed, and apparently with good cause, to be an important work by Juan Bautista del Mazo-Martinez, Velasquez's pupil and son-in-law. It may not be generally known that a good many of Mazo-Martinez's pictures are masquerading as the work of Velasquez, and there are those who say that the "Admiral Pulido Pareja," in the National Gallery, is the work, not of Velasquez, who is credited with it, but of Mazo-Martinez. By permission of the donor, the rector of the church is offering the painting for sale.—[Photograph by the Expedit Studios.]



WRESTLING WITH FATE.



THE WRESTLING ENTHUSIAST: Nah, then, plice yer right 'and acrost 'is other leg, guv'ner, an' yer 'll score a fall.  
THE ATHLETE: My goo' frien', thash jest whash we 're both tryin' to prevensh!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE TRANSCENDENT MOMENT.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

GERALD BASSETT was what word-jugglers call constitutionally timid. It was what he had called himself till he became engaged. Then one day he saw in Ursula's eyes what he really was.

It all happened quite suddenly. They were starting for a concert, and Gerald had gone as far as the pavement to see whether a taxicab was in sight. Ursula, at the top of the white steps, was putting on her gloves. In the road a little girl bowled a hoop, and on the opposite pavement her nurse, slowly wheeling a perambulator, flirted with a passing postman. Gerald's eyes were turned away from the little group and towards the other end of the street. Suddenly a motor-horn sounded behind him, and he turned. A car had come swiftly round the corner of the house, and the child with the hoop gave a little startled cry and attempted to jump back. Her foot caught in the hoop and she fell.

"Gerry!" gasped Ursula; "oh, Gerry, quick!"

At the spur of her terrified voice he started forward, but stopped as he reached the edge of the pavement. In the hundredth part of a second he saw what would happen. There was no time. He would just reach the child, stoop to pull her aside, and then. . . . the wheels would go over them both. Shuddering, he closed his eyes. . . . A sound roused him; it was Ursula's sobbing breath as she passed him, running across the road.

"Oh, how splendid! how splendid! I thought—I thought you were both killed. I couldn't see. How did you do it?"

The postman shuffled his feet awkwardly; he was unaccustomed to being a centre of interest.

"It was the hoop, Miss," he explained. "You see, the little girl she was kind of mixed up with it through falling, and it suddenly come across me that if I could get near enough to give it a pull she'd most likely come along with it. So I done it."

"It was splendid," said Ursula again, but this time her eyes were on the ground; Gerald had joined the group.

The owner of the car tipped the postman, patted the little girl's head, and gave an order to the chauffeur. The car glided away, the postman shouldered his bag, and the nursemaid turned the corner with her charges. Gerald and Ursula were left alone. For an instant neither spoke. Then Ursula raised her eyes shrinkingly to his, and he read in them the word that told him what he was.

"I don't feel inclined for the concert," she said in a low voice. "I couldn't enjoy it now."

"No," he assented dully, and watched her as she crossed the road and entered the house. Then he walked away with that look for company.

Six hours later he came back. Many years may on occasion be lived in less than six hours.

He was shown into Ursula's sitting-room, but she was not there. He sat down heavily, and his eyes wandered round the room. That was a new song on the piano; Ursula's dog had been lying on one of the sofa cushions; the date on the calendar was yesterday's. He got up and tore off the leaf. There was a quotation on it; he read it.

Then he crushed it fiercely in his hand, and his mouth set in grim lines. But in a minute he smoothed the scrap of paper out again. What did it matter if it lied? It was the last thing belonging to her that he would ever touch. Very carefully he laid it in his pocket-book.

Ursula came in and shut the door. He did not keep her waiting.

"I have come to set you free," he said.

She leaned against the closed door, and he noticed that her eyes shrank from him. Yet there was no cruelty in them. His mind groped for their meaning, and suddenly, like the flick of a whip, it stung him. It was shame that her eyes held, yet not so much shame of as for him—so infinitely worse was his plight than hers. She was putting herself in his position, realising how bearable in comparison was her own.

"If there is anything—" she began, and broke off. "I will try to understand," she added, almost entreatingly.

He hesitated. "There is one thing, but it doesn't make any real difference—"

"Let me judge." She moved to the window, and stood looking out.

"I have never told you," he said, "but you've probably heard that my father's only brother was murdered."

"Yes."

"Did you also hear that my father was for a time suspected of having killed him?"

She shook her head.

"You wouldn't, perhaps—it is so long ago, and he was so completely cleared in a few weeks. But it was just before the confession of the real murderer that I was born."

He saw by her attitude that she did not understand.

"Don't you see what my birthright was, Ursula? Can't you imagine the agonies of fear and suspense through which my mother passed?"

"Oh!" She drew a tremulous breath, and turned. "Gerry, I—I am sorry." But she could not meet his eyes.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "But it is as I said; it makes no real difference."

For a moment there was uneasy silence.

"I wonder if you would tell me, Ursula, whether, till to-day, you knew I was actually a—coward?"

She winced. "No; oh, no!"

"So I have accomplished something. Oh, don't misunderstand! I'm not making light of what happened this afternoon. But I have done something. As a child I was afraid of everything; of the dark, of animals, of crowds, of physical pain—of all that anyone has ever been afraid of. I am still afraid, yet if you haven't known it, Ursula, doesn't it show I have done something?"

Her eyes were full of tears. "Yes! Yes!"

His face softened. "Thank you for trying, even though it's no use."

"No use?"

"None. Ursula, I think I have more of some things than most people, though none of them can make up for that one I—lack. Imagination, for instance; I've got that. Let me tell you what it's shown me since this afternoon."

She looked at him half-fearfully, but his eyes were on the ground.

"Till to-day it never occurred to you to doubt or analyse me. But now it will. This afternoon I put into your hands a master-key, and it will open all doors. Hasn't it begun already?"

She trembled.

"Let us get it done with," he said.

"That time"—it was as though she spoke against her will—"that time when we turned out of Monk Street, and found ourselves in the Unemployed crowd, and you said—you said—"

"It was a lie. I was afraid."

She shrank involuntarily.

"Yes?" he questioned.

"The—the day Mr. Channing was going to take us down the mine, and you wired that you—"

"A lie."

She sat very still, and he gave her time.

"You see," he said at last, gently, "how useless it is. However hard I try, I get no farther than doing with an effort what others do naturally. You have mentioned two occasions when I failed. There have been—there will be—hosts of others. Do you see why it is?"

She shook her head.

"It is because I am always bankrupt—of courage. What little I have I am paying out a hundred times a day, when others need not. Every time I cross a road, or enter a train, or live through a thunder-storm, I have to spur myself to behave in the average way; the least extra pressure, and I am beaten. I thought that love was helping me—it was, Ursula, in spite of failures; but now that you know, even that would fail. You would always be measuring me by the standard of to-day, and I should always know it."

Her head was buried in her hands, and she made no sign.

"Good-bye," he said unsteadily.

She started. "But, Gerald, I—I love you."

He looked at her a moment searchingly. "No; you only pity me—now."

Her eyelids quivered. "Gerald, I—" She struggled for self-control.

[Continued overleaf.]



UNMASKED.



JAMES: 'Uilo! W'ere did you get that mask?

JOHN: It ain't a mask, it's toothache.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

He bent swiftly and kissed her hands. "Dear, I will not have you lie for me. Good-bye."

He felt her shrink at his touch, and drew back. "I beg your pardon," he said slowly, when he reached the door.

She crimsoned. "I can't help it!" she faltered. "Oh, I can't help it! I have tried, Gerald; indeed, indeed I have tried——" She looked round.

The room was empty!

Reluctantly, and while the light was still good, Gerald Bassett laid down his brush. The picture was finished; with an effort he admitted it. For six months it had filled his days—had made it possible for him to live through the hours of daylight that divided his nightly walks. It had been more than his work: it had been his friend, and in the moment of completion he felt a chill of loneliness.

But the mood passed. The man was an artist, and as he stood back from his easel he smiled. This picture held the slow, patient work of months; it held his best; but it held also something else—the something that is better than any man's best—elusive, yet unmistakable.

There were two figures in the picture: a young man, his body rigid, his hands outstretched, stood in a sunlit woodland space. Galloping past him, her body swaying back with the speed of the motion, her laughing, elfish face turned towards him, was a girl. In her hand, raised for throwing, she held a bow-and-arrow. It was for these that the man's arms were outstretched; it was these he would never catch. The target, close beside him, was safely hidden from his eyes. He was blind. And the picture was called "Opportunity."

Gerald sat for a long time looking at his work—sat till night shrouded its colours and he was free to walk. Then he went out.

As he neared the house he slackened his pace. This was the moment for which he lived the day, the moment so swiftly over, and therefore to be enjoyed in anticipation. Perhaps to-night he would see her shadow on the blind, or even, as twice before, her face. But how light the nights were getting. He would have to start later in future. There was still a rosy glow in the sky. . . .

A man hurried past him, and two children ran with excited screams down the street. When he turned the next corner the road was alive with people.

"What is it?" he asked a woman.

"Fire in Talbot Place," she answered, hurrying on.

For an instant he stood still. A man walking close behind him almost knocked him over, and, with an easy curse, swerved aside to pass. Then, with a smothered cry, Gerald ran.

"What number?" he gasped, as he reached the corner of the road. But he knew before they told him.

"Are they all out?" he shouted to a hurrying fireman.

"Yes," the man called back, and was lost in the crowd.

As if in mockery, a sudden gust of wind thinned the smoke about the windows.

"There's a woman!" shrieked a shrill voice, and Gerald looked up. For an instant a girl's figure was visible in a third-floor window; then the volume of smoke hid her again.

"Let me pass!" he shouted, and plunged forward, beating, pushing, fighting his way to the front. The crowd made way as for a maniac.

"Quick!" he gasped to a group of firemen, and one caught at his arm as he passed.

"It's no good," he said firmly; "it can't be done."

Gerald swung himself free with a reckless laugh, and plunged on. In at the back-door—up one flight, two flights he stumbled. . . . The smoke was choking him—he must be quick or fail. On again, up to the third floor. Ah! this was what the firemen had meant. Across the corridor that divided her from him was a roaring wall of flame. But he must pass it—at all costs he must pass it. Stooping, he dragged a heavy rug from the floor and held it round him; it made a stiff, cylindrical shield, standing well above his head and reaching to his knees.

"Ursula!" he shouted, and plunged through the wall of fire.

There was no answer. Gasping for breath, he stamped the smouldering flames from the rug, and groped his way to the window. His foot touched something soft.

"Ursula! Ursula!" he cried, and picked her up. She lay passive in his arms.

There was not an instant to lose. Bending, he wrapped her completely in the rug; then his hands groped hastily for another wrap. But there was nothing; the room seemed to be full of trunks and books and furniture—

Suddenly he guessed; it was a lumber-room. There would be nothing suitable; neither bedclothes, carpets, nor tablecloths. And they must go. He picked up the girl and found his way to the door. There was a smile on his lips; he had never been so happy in his life.

The flames almost licked his feet. For an instant he paused, judging distances. Then, his face pressed tightly against the rug, he hurled himself into the heart of the fire. . . .

A great cry, half-amazed admiration, half terror, burst from the crowd. *Something* had emerged from the blazing house—

something that looked like a pillar of fire, and that bore in its arms a dark burden. . . .

Eager feet rushed to the rescue; there was a clamour of voices and the splash of water, and then—darkness over the pillar of fire.

Kindly hands unrolled the thick, half-burnt coils of the rug. The girl, white and unconscious, was yet untouched by the flames.

Ursula, steeled to endure the worst, looked from the almost unmarked face on the pillow, and in her eyes was a wild, half-born hope.

"Are you—sure?" she whispered painfully to the nurse. Ah, it could not be true! His face, save for its pallor, was unchanged.

The nurse glanced at him for a moment. "It can't be long now," she said gently. "You must be brave."

Ursula nodded. "But—but is there *no* hope?" she entreated, half incredulously.

The nurse understood. "His face is the only part that escaped," she explained pitifully and left them alone.

Ursula laid her hand against his cheek. "Gerry," she said.

He opened his eyes at once. "I'm awake," he answered quietly. "I heard you talking, but I couldn't believe it was really you. I—I imagine things rather since last night."

A sob caught her by the throat.

"Don't worry, dear," he went on. "And—will you put your hand back?"

She bent and kissed him on the lips. "Gerry, I don't deserve to touch you." Her voice was full of an intolerable pain. "Oh, my dear, how can I ever make up? You—you will get better, so that I—"

But he stopped her with a faint motion of his head.

"I heard what she said, Ursula—the nurse. And I knew before. I've been waiting to see you, that's all." His glance travelled slowly over her. "So it's really true that you aren't hurt at all? Wasn't the rug burnt through?"

For an instant her eyes wavered; then she stood up and away from the bed.

"Look!" she said with shining eyes. "Do I look hurt? Oh, Gerry, you were wonderful! There wasn't a man there—not the bravest—who would have done it."

He gave a little sigh of content. "For once—not to have bungled," he murmured.

"Bungled? It's I who have done that, Gerry. It was all my fault in the beginning——"

"No, no." He looked troubled. "Last night is—is nothing to go by. I can't explain; I've forgotten——" His voice died away drowsily.

"Gerry!" she cried; and her kisses roused him.

"Your calendar," he said, with an effort. "That last day—under the pillow——"

She grasped his meaning; all her senses were unnaturally quickened.

"This, Gerry?" She had drawn out his pocket-book, and instinct guided her fingers to the worn slip of paper.

"Yes, read it," he whispered. "I've forgotten."

"The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,"

read Ursula.

"Yes—that's it. You see? One doesn't live up to it; it's just one—transcendent——"

"Oh, Gerry! Gerry! As if I should believe that!" she whispered passionately. "After last night, Gerry!"

A faint smile lay in his eyes. "I'm glad—you don't believe it—but—it's true. Once—long ago—no, I mean yesterday—I painted it in a picture for you—the truth, you know." He paused a moment, exhausted; and a furrow deepened between his eyes.

"The title," he murmured; "if only I—could remember——" The thought troubled him.

"I'll go to the studio and look, Gerry. I won't be a minute."

"Yes," he breathed, and his eyes closed contentedly.

When she came back she struggled bravely to find her voice.

"Gerry, it's—wonderful. You called it 'Opportunity'; do you remember?"

There was no answer.

"Gerry!"

But he was beyond the reach even of her kisses. . . .

Voices talking softly outside roused her. It was the two nurses.

"Hadn't you better go in?" asked one.

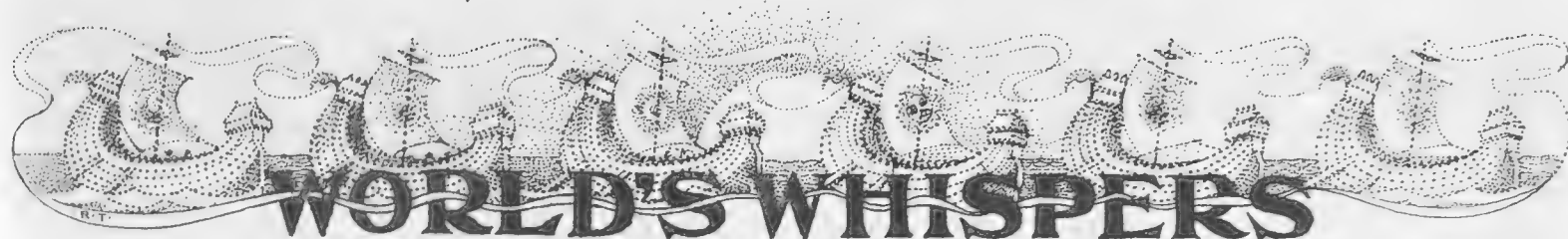
"Oh, give her time," the other said compassionately. "Poor girl, I'm sorry for her."

"How he must have loved her! They say he went to certain death to save her."

Ursula staggered to her feet, and opened the door. "Yes," she said dully, "that's how it happens—doesn't it?—in books." She gave a little hard laugh, and they exchanged quick glances.

"Oh, I'm not hysterical," Ursula assured them wearily. "Only—only I was away for the week-end. It was one of the maids he saved."





THE customs of royalty in Rome are not always understood of the people of other lands. Americans especially are sometimes led thereby into untoward conjectures. For example, the King and Queen do not drive together; and the uninitiated observer is apt to suppose some estrangement is symbolised thereby. The King drives with an aide-de-camp, and the Queen with a lady-in-waiting, and very often with the Queen-Mother, so that "The Queens" is often the word passed from mouth to mouth in the street as a signal for uncovering. But this rule of separation of husband and wife applies only to the daily "airing." The King and Queen drive out together to the races, with half Rome following, along a suburb lined with odds and ends of picturesque restaurants and wine-shops.

*A Frank Dedication.*

A good dedication—I do not mean a church's, but a book's—is always a delight; and Mr. Frank Harris has had the luck to bring off a very pretty one. Of course, it is to a Princess. There is something absolutely undemocratic in a dedication page: the best Radical of us all generally discovers thereon that he owes his inspiration to my Lord or my Lady when chatting with him in the smoking-room or wandering with her in the woods.

"You were the first person to induce me to write," Mr. Frank Harris assures her Serene Highness the Princess of Monaco; and increases, I hope, her serenity thereby. There are reasons of the head why the novelist should bring his book to the feet of the grand-niece of Heine. "But," he tells her, "the reason of the heart is supreme. . . . I am devoted to you, as you know. . . . Your liking for me has survived the changes of twenty years." The story is told so prettily that the Princess will surely pardon the indiscretion—if indiscretion it really is to mention those couple of decades in precise terms. Ladies are reputed to prefer their adorers to declare their fidelity without quite so detailed a reference to dates.

*Anon.* Madame X —

and Countess B — are very familiar personages in French paint. But in England, portrait-painters' sitters are generally franker about their identity. At the New Gallery, however, the anonymous system is gaining in favour. Last year, Rodin's bust of Lord Howard de Walden went under the pennynovelle

name of "Lord H. de W.," or something equally obvious, even to those who did not recognise the sculptured features. And at present Sargent's "Portrait of a Girl" has aroused not a little curiosity. His sitter in this case was Miss Palmer, now Mrs. Leo Myers. Her father, General Palmer, of Colorado Springs, did not at first admire the picture, and it was consequently neither exhibited in public nor accorded a very prominent position on his own walls. Time has changed the minds—and the faces—of many of Mr. Sargent's sitters. Mrs. Leo Myers is still young, however, and if her family is now on better terms with the portrait, it is, they say, because she has grown more and more like the girl it represents. By the way, Madame Gautreau, who is very familiar through Sargent's portrait of "Madame G.," in long black gloves, has been a very welcome visitor in London of late.



SPRATS FOR THE QUEEN: THE BOX OF FISH PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Amongst the most interesting of the gifts received by the Queen on her birthday was the above box of Aldeburgh sprats presented by the local fishermen.—[Photograph by Clarke.]

she would certainly demand the vote for women. Those who know Miss Kropotkin as a student at University College, in Gower Street, and admire her boundless energy and enthusiasm, believe that, whatever she demanded, that she would get, even

*Miss Sasha.*

Prince Kropotkin, who is sixty-six to-day, and

remembers several dismal birthdays spent in Russian and French prisons; has passed on his political opinions to his charming daughter. Miss Sasha Kropotkin, of all anarchists the most alluring, has found freedom, instead of confinement, in anarchy. Did she believe, says she, in any Parliamentary system of government,

if she encountered curt Mr. Curtis Bennett on the way; and had to argue with him from the uncomfortably conspicuous dock that has held so many militant Suffragettes.

*A Coming Breakfast.*

Many London friends congratulate Miss Evelyn Brocklebank as well as Mr. George Westinghouse on their approaching marriage. The United States in general, and Pittsburg in particular, have given American wives to English husbands time and again; but Mr. Westinghouse reverses the rule; and, *en revanche*, steals an English bride. Nobody is resentful, however, about the forthcoming alliance. On the contrary, all Irton Hall, and its owner, Sir Thomas Brocklebank, Bt., are wreathed in smiles in readiness for the 19th.



IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIAL: MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., WHO IS ANSWERING A CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY AT THE GUILDHALL, TAKING LUNCH DURING THE PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Bottomley is acting as his own counsel. "Who's Who" gives the following account of him: "M.P., Liberal, South Hackney since 1906. For many years connected with large financial undertakings in the City; acted as pioneer of Western Australian mining; founded 'Financial Times'; subsequently became proprietor of the 'Sun' newspaper, and afterwards established 'John Bull,' of which he is also acting editor; is a nephew of George Jacob Holyoake, the founder of the modern Co-operative movement, and was closely associated with the late Charles Bradlaugh in his political work; was principal defendant in the famous case of Reg. v. Bottomley and Others, tried before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury in the spring of 1893, in which he successfully conducted his own case; is generally regarded as the best 'lay lawyer' in the country."—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

# KEY-NOTES

THE conditions associated with rehearsals for the big symphony concerts can hardly be quite satisfactory on some occasions; in the past week or two several works of great interest have remained unperformed, and eleventh-hour excuses have been made for their postponement. At the last concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra the published programme was altered, but it must be confessed that the quality of the music left nothing to be desired. Perhaps Schubert's Unfinished Symphony has been played with more delicacy and insight, but the "Don Quixote" music of Strauss could hardly have received a more satisfactory interpretation, and the soloists were fine artists in their best form. M. Thibaud was the violinist, Mme. Blauvelt justified all the applause she received, and mention must be made of Mr. Albert Fransella's flute-playing, which delighted the audience. There was no novelty on the programme. We are learning to forget that symphony concerts were once associated with novelties, but the prelude to the second act of Miss Smyth's opera, "The Wreckers," received a very fine interpretation and a warm reception. The cleverness of the writing, the depth of the musical emotion, are matters that no musician is likely to overlook. Perhaps the impresario who is prepared to risk a large expenditure will yet arise and mount the opera, for there is no doubt that the music is highly appreciated and has been favourably received upon all occasions. Some of us may be pardoned for believing that the means are sometimes more remarkable than the end, and better able to deliver a musical message



A MUSICIAN WHO PLAYS THE 'CELLO AND THE VIOLIN AT THE SAME TIME.

The musician, as may be seen in the photograph, plays the violin and the 'cello at the same time. He renders the air on the violin, and the accompaniment on the 'cello. He is from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.—[Photograph by F. J. Press Bureau.]

that the composer is very fluently indeed than to find a message that is in itself illuminating.

Mr. Arthur Broadley is painstaking and persistent in his endeavour to win in London the applause that his efforts have gained elsewhere, and for his last recital he engaged the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Harty, whose charming Comedy Overture figured on the programme. The concert was given in the new St. James's Hall, which can accommodate a small and carefully selected orchestra well enough. Miss Edna Thornton sang at the concert and helped to make the evening a notable one. Unfortunately, although the programme was so wisely chosen and so full of interest, it left our original estimate of Mr. Arthur Broadley's talent where it was: we cannot regard him as other than a good 'cellist of the second class.

The London Choral Society's performance of "Samson and Delilah," at Queen's Hall last Wednesday night was interesting rather than remarkable. The soloists were Miss Edith Miller, Messrs. Walter Hyde, Peter Dawson, and Thorpe Bates, and Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted the London Symphony Orchestra. It is not easy to approach an opera with enthusiasm when it has been divorced from its proper surroundings; but the choir might have faced its work with more enthusiasm, without incurring the suspicion of giving whole-hearted appreciation to what our Censor has in his wisdom warned off the British operatic stage. At the same time, the choral singing was good, the tone-colour was well varied,

and the intonation was nearly always true. Miss Edith Miller's vibrato was against her, but she improved as the concert went on, and the other soloists achieved a measure of distinction.



A SUCCESSFUL NEWCOMER ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM: MR. JOHN MUNRO.

Mr. Munro, who gave his first concert at the Æolian Hall the other day, was born six-and-twenty years ago in Grenada, and is French on his mother's side and Scottish on his father's. He was educated at the Royal Naval School at Eltham, and made his first public appearance little more than a month ago, when his well-trained baritone voice was heard to considerable advantage at the Shaftesbury Theatre in Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" and Sargent's "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind."

a fine baritone voice, and by Miss Madge Murphy, who can play the violin very pleasantly. The programme was well chosen and pleased the audience.

It is not easy in these days to strike a new note in the concert-hall; but Miss Maude Irene Simpson, who gave a dramatic recital of her own compositions at the Æolian Hall on Monday of last week, proved that she has a pretty talent, and can amuse and interest a large circle. She has clear enunciation and a flexible voice, while the sense of humour that is associated with some of her lines is reflected in their delivery. Particularly happy was the conversation between three girls—one from England, one from France, and the third from America. Miss Simpson was assisted by Mr. W. J. Dodds, who has

Candour compels the writer to plead ignorance when he is asked to explain precisely what St. Andrew did for Scotland, and how far these deeds justify the saint in lending his name to the exceedingly noisy entertainments with which gentlemen who came originally from beyond the north bank of the Tweed celebrate in London the advent of December. Last week the Albert Hall was presumed to be incapable of holding all the patriotic Scots who wished to pay tribute to St. Andrew. The Queen's Hall was the scene of another concert, supposed to appeal to still more Scotsmen, and the result of the efforts of those responsible for each concert was an entertainment that forced one to recall, if not to subscribe to, Théophile Gautier's statement that music is the most disagreeable of all sounds.—COMMON CHORD.



PATRONISED BY THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET: MISS MARGEL GLUCK.

Miss Gluck is due to give a concert this afternoon (Wednesday) at the Æolian Hall, under the patronage of the Duchess of Somerset, who has taken much interest in the young violinist. Like Marie Hall and Kubelik, Miss Gluck studied under Sevcik. She made her first public appearance last spring in Bucharest, in which city she played before the Court, at the special request of the Crown Princess, and has been touring as soloist with Mme. Tetrazzini.

Photograph by Lena Connell.



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## Christmas Presents for All.

AN establishment that draws all who seek for novelty and beauty as a magnet draws steel is that of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139-141, Regent Street. A novelty for this season which will appeal to all is their electric ceiling-clock. It is a remarkably clever contrivance to save one waking up at night and stretching half out of bed to see the time. It is necessary only to press the button at the end of a flexible cord, and from a clock at the bedside will be projected on the ceiling above a magnified and illuminated reflection of the dial such as anyone of weakest sight can see at any hour of the night. It is quite the smartest thing that has been brought out for some time, and is so arranged that when it is used in the daytime the projecting attachment can be removed. The price, in nickel plate on a polished wood box, with thirty-hour movement, is £1 7s. 6d. For a model-de-luxe, gilt finish on box, covered with crushed morocco, the price is £3 3s. This is a Christmas gift that will give real pleasure, and be found a delightful convenience for future use. A very neat little bangle is of pearl

winkle-shells, strung on a gold chain with a charm. The price is £2 10s., while the winkle charm costs only 15s. There is, besides, a large variety of other jewelled bangles. Fob-chains, sets of tie-fasteners, safety-pins, sleeve-links and waistcoat-buttons, jewelled, enamelled or plain, are among the gifts which men appreciate, to be found at this establishment. Tortoiseshell jewel-boxes inlaid with silver are in great variety as to price, form, and size. Reliable splash-board watches in pig-skin or polished-leather cases—30-hour for £1 10s., 8-day for £2 5s.—are among the gifts that men will like. Silver-mounted corks with the name of the liquor in the bottle, or with enamelled Scotch and Irish terriers to proclaim the nationality of the whisky, will also appeal to the superior sex. Yet another gift for them is an ash-tray and tumbler-holder to attach by spring to a card-table, the tumbler fitting below it, the ash-tray on it. It is impossible in a limited space to give an adequate idea of the number of delightful presents to be acquired at this establishment. A charmingly illustrated catalogue will be sent on application to the firm, who have recently received appointments as goldsmiths and silversmiths to the King of Spain and to the Queen of Denmark.

Amid all the preparations for the festive season, none is more effective than those made by the great firm of Waring in Oxford Street. In all their forty departments delightful things may be found. Very helpful is a neat little portfolio filled with cards, on each of which a useful and ornamental present is illustrated. It is, however, possibly in the direction of the newly arranged spacious and well-lighted galleries that the steps of present-seekers will be bent. In these are thousands of things that will appeal to them. A novelty of the season is a new untarnishable gilt on copper, which is used for photograph-frames. These have metal backs, so that they are dust-proof, and they have glass over ribbon-work embroidery, to ensure it wearing, while the untarnishable gold secures their always looking well. Of these the variety is very great, and they are displayed so that they can be seen with perfect convenience. The prices are from 1s. 3d. upwards. In hand-bags there is also extraordinary variety, at prices beginning

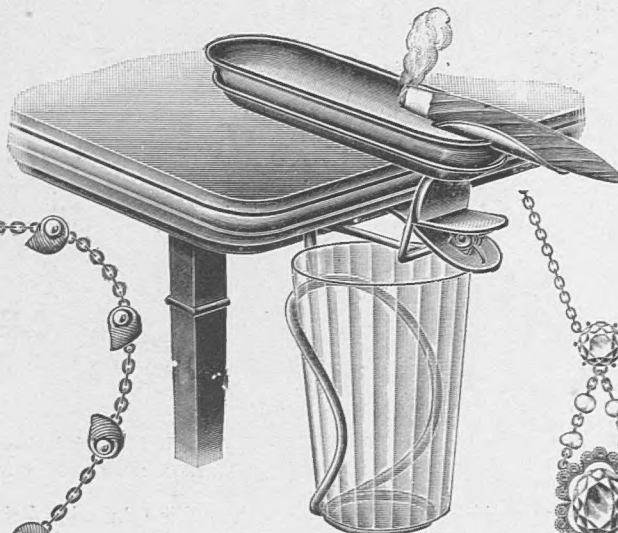
at 2s. 11d. A new thing for the season, and one that will prove specially attractive, is hand-carved leather. It is most effective and handsome, and is made up in hand-bags, blotters, cigar and cigarette cases—in fact, in every way in which leather can be used. A remarkably handsome hand-bag of this latest novelty is 22s. 6d. A large collection of fans is another specialty. Opera-glasses writing-cases, and fitted folding writing-tables are in great demand. A new thing, too, this

year is a combination table—one that can be used for writing, work, or cards. Nor does this complete the tale of new things specially suitable for present-seekers provided by this great firm. There is a new transparent mediæval art glass, fused on to metal, of which beautiful lamp and electric-light shades are made. This is extraordinarily effective. There are opalescent colours, mother-o'-pearl colourings, and those of milky tint with borders of flowers or clusters of grapes. Anything more satisfactory than the way they soften the light and

decorate the room cannot be imagined. They are in themselves worth a visit—one which should be made by all gift-seekers to the palatial premises of Waring.

When in doubt about a present to anyone, whether on terms of mere acquaintance or of intimacy, try perfume. A dainty and delicate offering is a case of the three delicious perfumes produced by the Erasmic Soap Company—"Fantasma," "Extasia," or "Naisma." All are haunting and refreshing without being at all pronounced. They are put up separately in very neat cases, at prices varying from 1s. 6d. to 21s. a bottle. If it is not possible to obtain one from a chemist he will get it specially, or it can at once be purchased at 117, Oxford Street, the head office of the Erasmic Soap Company, which was successful in carrying off a Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition, and the preparations of which for toilet purposes are so widely appreciated, whether face-powder, tooth-powder, shaving soaps and creams or bath herb, the chief one being that on which the fame of the firm is founded—Erasmic soap.

There are many people who wend their way Citywards for the purchase of their presents. Certainly they have their reward, as I found when I went to the fine premises of the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, at 125, Fenchurch Street, the West-End show-rooms of which are at 188, Oxford Street, and was astonished at the variety of the presents I saw, as at the refinement and exclusiveness of a very large number of them. Those who desire to make uncommon presents, to earn the special kind of gratitude bestowed for gifts out of the beaten track and appealing to the taste of the recipient, should see the magnificent collection of old and new Japanese work brought over by this enterprising firm. It includes caskets, vases, carvings, shrines, cricket-cages, Koran cases, all kinds of curios of an artistic kind, including embroideries, table-centres, bed-spreads, kimonos, dressing-gowns, and dressing-jackets. Of Japanese cabinets, from large ones magnificently decorated to miniature things of the most exquisite finish, the choice is great. In the silver and plate and jewellery departments there are also numerous novelties, many of them at a small cost. A silver circlet to fit the neck



NOVELTIES, USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL, AT MESSRS.

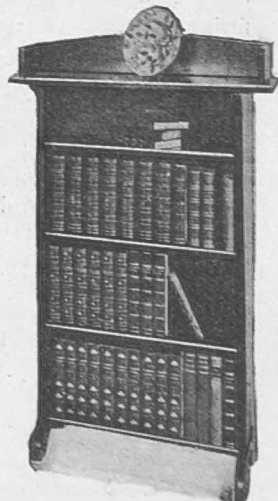
WILSON AND GILL'S,  
139-141, REGENT STREET, W.



FANTASMA, ONE OF THE NOVEL SCENTS MADE BY THE ERASMIC CO., 117, OXFORD STREET, W.



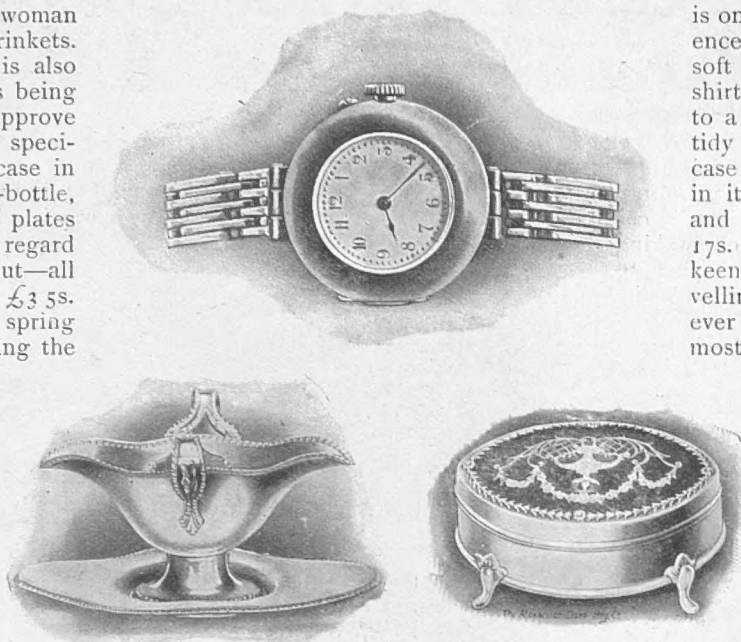
A COMFORTABLE CHAIR FOR PRESENTATION, AT MESSRS. WARING'S, OXFORD STREET, W.



A PRESENT FOR THE BOOK-LOVER, AT MESSRS. WARING'S, OXFORD STREET, W.



of a bottle, and by a neat little patent prevent the drip reaching the cloth, is one that must appeal to thousands. Very neat, too, is a tortoiseshell casket, which opens with three expanding trays. A man would find them useful for three varieties of cigarettes, while to a woman they would be most convenient for trinkets. An expanding bangle, for a watch, is also a very great convenience, as well as being ornamental. Motorists will keenly approve the compact, light dressing-cases, specially made by the firm; and a tea-case in solid leather, fitted with a Thermos-bottle, sandwich-case, cups, saucers, and plates in one, knives specially fitted with regard to convenience in getting them out—all compact and light and complete for £3 5s. There are ash-trays on a new spring principle, which spring up, depositing the ashes in a glass dish below, and obviating all fear of their being spread about the room. Very easy to use is the little hanging stand of manicure implements. The polisher and little boxes are neatly fitted into the stand below. In plate and ebony, this costs but 12s. 6d. Solid silver half-pint beakers, for 30s., are gifts that men will like. Perpetual calendars, with ink-pots, at 9s. 6d., are cheap gifts; in solid silver they are £2 17s. 6d. A very smart thing is a watch-case, automatically fitting any watch, with a powerful magnifying-glass at one end, making it easy to see the time. The show-rooms are so large and the enormous assortment of presents so prominently displayed at this large City house that it is a particularly easy place to choose presents; also most satisfactory, because the choice offered is so great. In a short space it is not possible to do more than hint at



SOME OF MANY SPECIALTIES AT MESSRS. ALEXANDER CLARK'S,  
125, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C., AND 188, OXFORD STREET, W.

present is a leather case, strong, neat, and hand-sewn, containing three silver-mounted bottles, compactly stowed away. These hold three separate varieties of drinks, and take up little more room than a flask containing only one; the price is only 18s. 6d. Of the greatest convenience to men are expanding shirt-cases of soft leather, large enough to take any shirt. These cost 19s. 6d. Another help to a man, either when packing or to keep tidy in his own dressing-room, is a tie-case in soft brown leather. Stowed away in it, his pet ties will always be in order and ready to his hand. This costs only 17s. 6d., and is a present that will be keenly appreciated. Dispatch-boxes, travelling writing-cases, everything that can ever be required in leather, done in the most up-to-date and convenient way, will be found at John Pound and Co.'s establishments.

A harmonious gift, and one that gives no selfish single pleasure, but spreads its charm about a house, is an Angelus piano. It is an instrument which secures to music-lovers thoroughly satisfactory interpretations of their favourite works. The phrasing-lever gives control of every variation of time to the manipulator, and the melody-buttons enable him to accent the melody in whatever part of the composition it may be.

The Angelus Brinsmead Player-Piano is a marvellous combination of two world-famed instruments in one case, which is a really fine thing. Recitals, for which cards will be sent on application to Angelus Hall, Regent House, are given each Friday. These show what a satisfactory interpreter of fine works these instruments are.

There is an ideal gift, for either man or lady, which is lasting and delightful. It is a bottle of one of George Grossmith's exquisite perfumes. The latest, Shem el Nessim, the scent of Araby, has proved so great a success as to astonish a firm which has already been exceptionally happy in hitting the public taste. It is a scent of rare fascination, the kind of thing that induces even strangers to beg for its name. A recent form of it is specially concentrated quadruple extract, put up in a handsome cut-glass bottle for 10s. 6d. The older favourites—Hasu-No-Hana and Phul-Nana—are also done up in this series-de-luxe. Nowadays, a woman likes to adopt



THE ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO IN USE—  
ANGELUS HALL, REGENT STREET, W.

a perfume and stick to it, so that the complete toilet outfit of soap, face and tooth-powders, and sachet with scent and toilet-water, makes a very satisfactory gift. There is about all these scents something indescribably charming. A drop of that of the series-de-luxe will perfume a handkerchief for as long as it is in use, subtly and refreshingly.

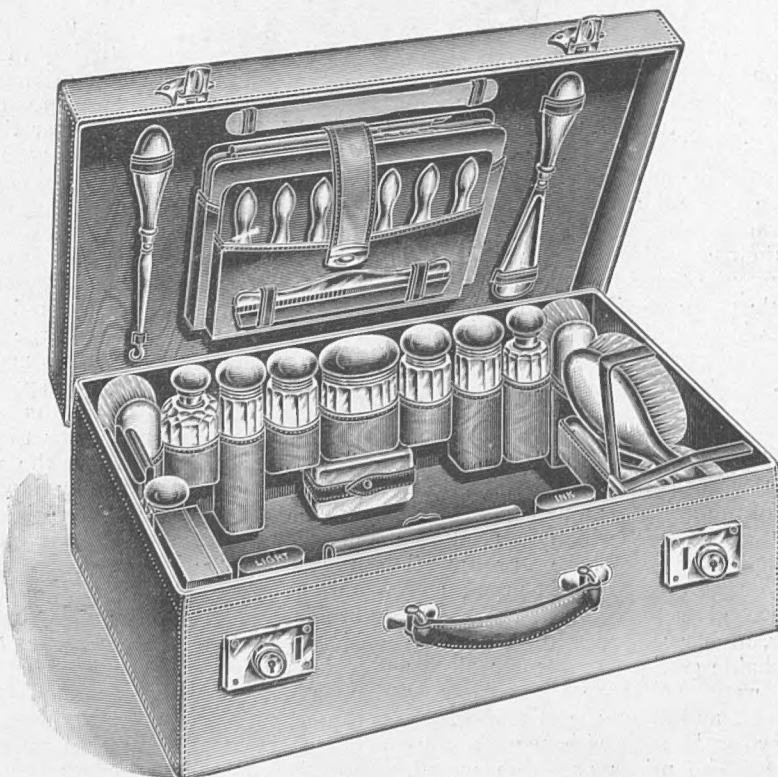
A gift which will be received with real pleasure by anyone who reads, writes, works, or plays cards in the evening is one of the Clarke's Pyramid and Fairy-Light Company's newest things—a triple double-wick safety-lamp, called the "Cricklite." It gives a soft, steady, bright light, excellent for the eyes, and very safe also; for dinner-table lighting it is most becoming. It requires no attention after being lighted, and the wax lights are specially made for use in hot countries. There are varieties of this beautiful, new safe lamp to be seen at the Cricklite show-rooms, 137, Regent Street.

[Continued overleaf.]



A MOST USEFUL CASE, AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND'S.

lishments of John Pound and Co. These establishments—whether the head office, Leadenhall Street; 211, Regent Street; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; or 243, Brompton Road—are filled with the most attractive leather things of all kinds. Really substantial, excellent hand-made bags of every kind—Gladstone, brief, kit, all varieties of the lightest frames, with every newest convenience and beautifully finished—are to be found. At this season people are especially concerned with the fitted things that are at once ornamental and useful, and make such acceptable presents. A dressing-case—what is there that a woman or a girl likes better? It is a lasting pleasure to her. A really good one, with every kind of fitting, costs £18 18s. There is a wonderful selection of hand-bags, too. On these we have become most dependent, since fashion sets her face more sternly than ever against pockets. The hand-bags are in many kinds of leather, and in most colours, so that we can match our furs or our costumes. A new one has, in addition to the outside flat covers, three inner compartments for copper, silver, and gold, which is a great convenience while shopping. There are purses also for ladies, and travelling-clocks in flat cases—good, reliable one-day-movement clocks in crushed morocco of any colour or shade for 32s. 6d.; eight-day clocks for 55s. They shut up almost flat, and are very neat and smart. Then, for a man, a capital



A SUPERBLY FITTED DRESSING-CASE, AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND'S,  
LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.; 211, REGENT STREET; 67, PICCADILLY, ETC.



As a guide to all that is best and most beautiful in the design and setting of gems I suggest the booklet called "Jewels of the Parisian Diamond Company." The daintiness, refinement, and artistic excellence of the many Christmas gifts that are illustrated in its pages are beyond praise and speak for themselves better than can any descriptions. I know of nothing more covetable than the jewelled velvet neck-bands, some of them in Empire, some in floral, some in classical character, every one a really lovely ornament. The pendants are also of unusual variety and beauty. The latest fashion of the sautoir is also to be seen in its best and most graceful form; tiaras (which can be made into necklets), ornaments for neck-bands, plaques or slides, buckles, diamond-headed combs, hair-ornaments, pins, studs, rings, earrings, the very latest and most correct Directoire styles in jewellery, Louis XVI. ornaments, classical what-you-will of the last reentrée of the best periods—charming examples of them all will be found at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments. The exquisite quality of their pearls is well known. They are now used to make beautiful sautoirs with diamond slides and tassels.

In these luxury-loving days, a visit to the very fine new premises of Messrs. J. and A. Carter, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, the world-known specialists in comfortable individual and in invalid furniture, will well repay those whose desire it is specially to please their nearest and dearest. A most comprehensive display of gifts of this character is to be seen in the capacious show-rooms of the firm, which overlook two thoroughfares.

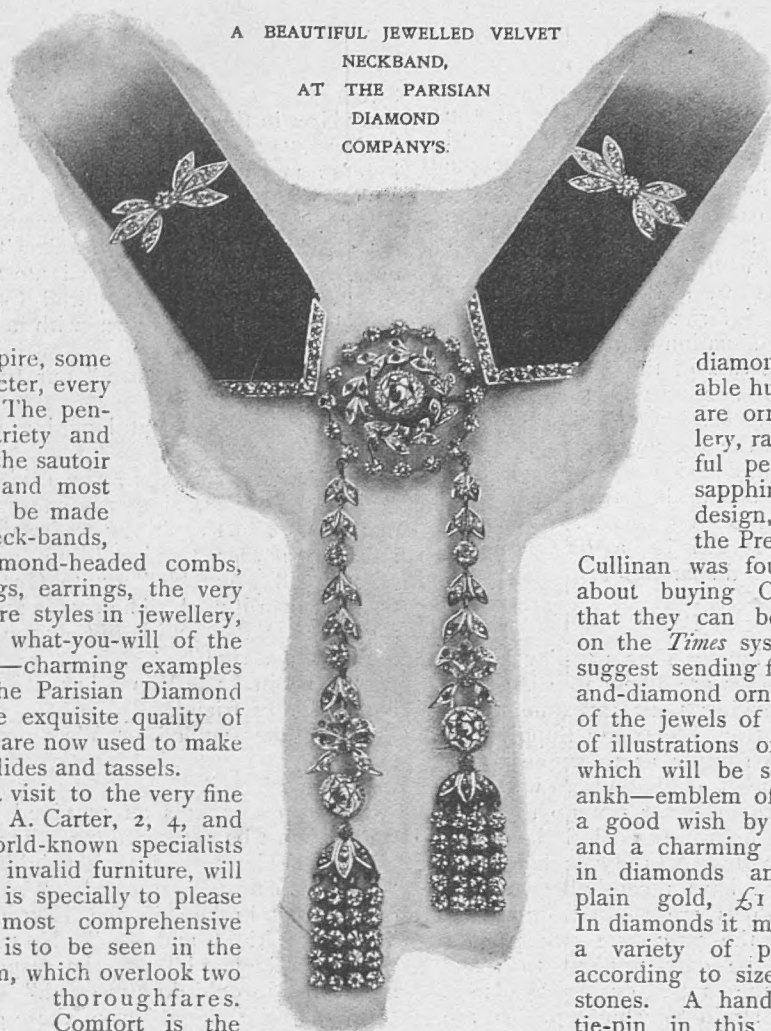


A MOST COMFORTABLE INVALID'S CHAIR, AT MESSRS. J. AND A. CARTER'S, 2, 4, AND 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W.

those confined to the house or denied for a time free use of their legs. The self-propelling chairs made by Messrs. Carter are varied in design; there are, in fact, thirty different patterns. One of these, chosen with reference to the individual requirements of any recipient, is a gift to occasion a most real and lasting gratitude. Then as to bath-chairs, these vary from the modest one of wicker-work at £2 5s. to those on cee-springs, which have ball-bearings, and are as luxurious and delightfully hung as the most expensive landau. A tour of the establishment will be a liberal education in what can be done by scientific research allied to mechanical skill in the alleviation of pain and helping the helpless. No branch of invalidhood is left unconsidered: from the case of those who are temporarily disabled to that of the greatest permanent sufferers, Carters' may be depended upon to do the best. Naturally, it follows that their study of comfort for the well and strong is equally productive of the best results. Therefore the Christmas and New Year's gifts from there are secure of appreciation.

A shop which is included in the visits of all successful

A BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED VELVET NECKBAND, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



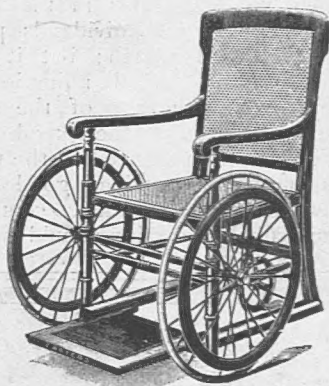
Comfort is the keynote of all that is to be seen there, whether it be for those who are ill or for those who are no more than healthily tired. A bed-table at 25s. is an appliance that will be keenly appreciated. It is solid and firm, and can be used as a card-table or a reading or writing desk. To go from shillings to guineas, there is a sumptuous and luxurious reclining-chair at twenty-five which would bring pleasure to anyone, more especially to

crossed nefer—token of good luck—and ankh in diamonds and olivines, as a brooch, is £35. An ankh in olivines, rubies, and diamonds is £26. Ear-rings are now generally worn, and at Messrs. Benson's there is a really remarkable variety of pretty and graceful forms of these ornaments. A pair made with marquise diamonds, having calibre-set rubies top and bottom, are very beautiful; they cost £125. A less expensive pair, but also beautiful, are three diamonds hanging from trefoils of diamonds; these are £30. There are strings of pearls at many prices, and exquisite jewelled ornaments in great variety, including attractive models of game-birds, foxes, horses, motors—all kinds of things sym-

Christmas-present seekers is J. W. Benson's fine one in Bond Street. Every season the firm set before their Christmas clients some dainty description of jewellery that is at once effective, handsome, of moderate cost, and excellent value. This year, it takes the form of diamond-and-yellow-sapphire jewellery. This is most attractive, set as it is in beautiful and varied designs. The sapphire's golden fire, with the white of the

diamonds charged with fire of innumerable hues, is fascinating and lovely. There are ornaments of all kinds in this jewellery, ranging from £9 to £100. A delightful pendant, in which five large yellow sapphires are set into a graceful diamond design, costs £40. The diamonds are from the Premier Mine, where the King's great Cullinan was found. A point worth remembering about buying Christmas presents at Benson's is that they can be easily and conveniently paid for on the *Times* system of instalments. I would also suggest sending for the catalogue of yellow-sapphire-and-diamond ornaments, for the dainty little booklet of the jewels of Ancient Egypt, and for the book of illustrations of latest designs in jewellery, all of which will be sent at once on application. The ankh—emblem of long life, the oldest expression of a good wish by token—is still a favourite present, and a charming one. Made in enamel, it is £2 5s.; in diamonds and enamel, five guineas; and in plain gold, £1 15s.

In diamonds it may be a variety of prices, according to size and stones. A handsome tie-pin in this form is five guineas. A



ANOTHER VERY USEFUL INVALID'S CHAIR, AT MESSRS J. AND A. CARTER'S, 2, 4, AND 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W.

There are also specialties in jewellery of every description for the season at Messrs. J. W. Benson's Ludgate Hill establishment. Among these are peridot-and-pearl ornaments, which, in addition to being inexpensive, are most artistic. From £1 5s. up to £10 there is a large and varied selection of exclusive designs, which cannot be cheaply imitated, and have therefore a special charm. The peridot means happiness and love, and its soft-green tint, blended with the sheen of pearls and set in fine gold, is very delightful to the sense of colour. Amethysts treated in a similar way are another specialty at 62-64, Ludgate Hill. In brooches, pendants, necklets, and rings, these range in price from 12s. 6d. to twelve guineas, and are equally as attractive as the peridot jewellery. The King has on numerous occasions expressed a liking for peridots, and the Queen has a partiality for amethysts.



CHARMING JEWELLED NOVELTIES AT MESSRS. J. W. BENSON'S, BOND STREET, W., AND LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.*

THE markets still suffer from the political situation in the Near East, and the more the position is considered the less chance there appears of matters being cleared up until the spring. The opinion of the generally best-informed people seems to be that war will be avoided; but as in all probability the destinies of Austria must soon pass into the hands of the man who has brought about the present crisis, prudent people shake their heads and keep their commitments well within their resources.

The developments in connection with Rhodesia and the Chartered Company, as well as our information from the spot, point to a general improvement in the situation of the country, but make us inclined to take the gloomiest view of the financial situation of the Company. That it should be necessary for the extension of the railway in Rhodesia to be made by foreign capitalists because the Chartered Company cannot find the money looks as if the beginning of the end has been reached, and it would not surprise us to wake up any morning and find that at last the bubble had burst, and the British Government had been obliged to take over the administration of the country. It will be a good day for Rhodesia, but a bad one for the Chartered shareholders.

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING BOOM.

Not a few of the people who are buying shares to-day in the Metropolitan Electric-lighting Companies are likely to wish they had waited a little longer before making their investments on the strength of the London and District Electricity Supply Bill being rejected. Prices have risen so sharply as to suggest that the reaction is already overdone. True it is that prices were too low before, but that does not justify them being run up to levels which will probably turn out to be too high in the cold light of the next two half-years' dividends and reports. All the calculations of what the Ordinary shares yield which have recently been advertised so generously in the daily Press are worked out upon the basis of the dividends paid in the preceding two periods of six months each; but it would be only prudent to allow for a fairly liberal reduction in the rates during the next year or so, because of the severe strain to which profits are being subjected by the spread of the use of metallic filament lamps. We have often referred in the past to the Electric-lighting Market as one which provided good opportunities for securing favourable investments, but prudence counsels a halt in buying now, in case the probable reaction should swing prices all down again.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Leaving his wife in the safe shelter of the Army and Navy Stores, Our Stroller heaved a sigh of relief as he came round the wooden colonnade which leads one part of Broad Street into Throgmorton Street.

"How in the world they can stick it," he soliloquised, mopping his brow, "passes my comprehension. Shopping! Good—Hullo! here's a new market."

Of course it was not Newmarket; as a matter of fact, it was merely a little crowd of West Australian dealers, who were shouting out "Lake Views" and "Gwalias" for no apparent reason whatever. For nobody paid the slightest heed.

"What's afoot?" inquired Our Stroller of a stranger, who stared him up and down with a wonder as natural as it was undisguised.

"Anything going on?" our friend remarked, in reply to the stony stare.

The other burst out laughing, deceived by the familiar House phrase.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but by your first question I took you for some impertinent outsider with more curiosity than manners. No, I can't say we're doing much. Lake Views are a ha'penny harder, that's all."

"A giddy gamble," quoth Our Stroller sagely.

"My word, yes! The shares aren't worth more than a pound to a guinea any day, and here they are up at thirty-two-and-sixpence. A rig, Sir—a rig!"

"A rig in Lake Views has painful memories for some of us," hazarded our friend.

The other smiled. "We must let bygones be bygones," he replied, "and get what thankfulness we can out of the fact that we're still here."

"Not that that's an unmixed blessing," observed our friend. "But I must be getting along. Thank you, and good-night."

The dealer turned to a neighbour and indicated The Stroller. "See that chap?" he asked. "Well, I knew him when he was one of the best brokers in the House; but he came to grief over Whitaker Wright, and—"

"Poor beggar!" was the response. "He looks as though a square meal would do him good."

Meanwhile, the object of these gross libels was edging his way through the Kaffir throng, and listening for any tips which there might be about.

"Not until after the turn of the year," he overheard one man tell another who asked when the market might be expected to revive.

"Shall have to get over Christmas first. May have a bit of a

[Continued on Page XII.]



## In the American Grand Prix



which was run on November 26, at Savannah, U.S.A.,  
the results were:

1st.	Wagner,	on	Fiat	fitted with	Michelin	Detachable Rims and Tyres.
2nd.	Hemery	„	Benz	„	Michelin	„ „ „
3rd.	Nazarro	„	Fiat	„	Michelin	„ „ „
4th.	Henriot	„	Benz	„	Michelin	„ „ „
6th.	Strang	„	Renault	„	Michelin	„ „ „
8th.	Fournier	„	Itala	„	Michelin	„ „ „
9th.	De Palma	„	Fiat	„	Michelin	„ „ „

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